S. LEWIS; the KING:
OR
A Lamp of Grace, lighting
THE GREAT
(in the right vvay)
To
GLORIE.

Tranſlated,
&
Dedicated
(As a New-yeeres-Gift)
TO
The High-Hopefull Prince,
CHARLES,
Heire Apparant
of
Great-Britan's Kingdomes,
&
The Hopes of Chriſtendom.

By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.
1615.

44
7. 25.
637

TO

My Gracious Lord,

THE PRINCE.

NOT that yor Highnes *needs My mean* Direction
(*Hauing, within, a* Princely ſpirit *for Guide*;
Without, your Parent; *round about* (*beſide*)
Precepts & Patterns *of diuine* Perfection)
ſome I Thus to bring (*in dim Reflexion*)
This forain LAMP (*admired far & wide*):
But, as An humble Gift *This* New-Years-Tide,
To intimate my Faith, *and my* Affection.
gracious hand Thus binds my grateful *heart*
To Offer *Heavn my* Vowes, & *You my* Verſe,
For that Deliuerance *You haue daignd, in part,*
my poore Hopes, *wrackt in your* Brothers *Herſe.*
You haue begun; *Vouchſafe me*, Sacred Powers,
You may go-on, & *make Me* wholely Yours
In Effect,
as
In Affection
To yor *Highnes ſeruice*
humbly deuoted,
Ioſuah Syluester.

AD
Eundem Principem
Opt. Max.

EPIGRAMMA;
Ex lat. I. O. *converſ.*

WIll, Reaſon, Senſe, the Brain, the Head, the Heart;
Each, in his Office, in Thee acts his Part:
Thy Will, thy Wit; thy Senſe, thy Reaſon ſwayes;
Thy Heart, thy Head, in euery point obaies.
Thy WALES hath had GREAT-ſtiled Princes *Three*:
HENRY, was *Fourth*: CHARLES, the *Fift* GREAT ſhall be.

Eiusdem

Augustissimi

ANAGRAMMA

Quadruplex.

CAROLVS STVARTVS, Princeps.

1. Tu, *Cirus*: pulcra Spes nostra.

CHARLES STVART.

2. *Arthur's Castle.*

3. *Hart's last Cure.*

4. *Art's chast Lure.*

ARTHVR'S CASTLE, lyes My HARTS LAST CVRE:
Which I hasten, draw'n by ART'S CHAST LVRE.

A HYMNE
of
S^t. LEWIS
(The ninth of that Name)
King of France.

OF all the KINGS, admired ouer All,
Whose *Prudence*, swayd This Crown Imperiall,
Whose *Prowesse*, most our *Lillies* Bounds inlarg'd,
Whose *Iustice*, best their Charge in *Peace* discharg'd;
Whom most the Raies of glorious Greatnes crownd,
Who brightest shin'd, Who was the most Renownd,
Most magnified, for Manly Conquering
Within the World the World: was th'*Holy King*
Of whose chast loynes, frō out whose loyall Blōud
Th'*Heröick* Stems of Royall BOVRBONS bud;
Famous S^t. LEWIS; Good KINGS *President*,
Who, for his CHRIST, & for His *Crosse*, him spent:
Who, by his Valour so renown'd his Name,
That all the Earth hath trembled at the same:
And, Who, to free, from captiue Furie fell,
The Fields where yerst Our *Captain* conquerd Hell,
(Courageous *Zeale* setting his Soule on fire)
Alarmed FRANCE against the *Asian's* ire.

When I his *Vertues* read, & *Acts* so great,
Which Him, so high among the *Saints* haue set;
And heere belowe, so-lasting glory wan,
I iudge them scarce Works of a meerly Man;
But, of an Angel in Mans shape bedight,
To shew the World the Way of *Vertue* right.
Amaz'd, to see, among so many Sinnes
As (fatally) the *Court* breeds & beginnes,
Among so many Pleasures, whose sweet Baits
Intrap the warieſt with their wylie Sleights;
A KING to curbe him so, in Power supreame,
To *watch* him Selfe so, with such care extreame,
As not to taste *Delight* (of any kinde)
Which *Reason* barrs a braue and noble Minde:
But so *vpright* in VERTVES track to tred,
That euen in Earth a Heav'nly Life he led.
For, neuer was there more accomplisht KING,
Whose royall hart had more repleniſhing
Of *Princely Vertues*, fit for Powerfull hand,
Or to be wisht in Mindes of High Commaund.
Nay; would the Heavns, their Treasures all produ-
All Gifts of Body & of Minde conducing, (cing,
Mould for Mankinde a *Prince* or *Potentate*,
Worthy to gouern th' VNIVERSAL State;

The

They could not giue the *World* (& We, much leſſe,
Wiſh) *One* more worthy; with more due Addreſſe,
To take into his Royall hand the *Helm*,
In ſtormfull Times ſo apt to ouer-whelm.
So much the *Star*, which rules in *Birth of Kings*,
When He was deſtin'd to *Theſe* manegings,
Milde and propitious, in His heart connext,
Firſt, *feare of* GOD, & *loue of* IVSTICE next:
VERTVES, whoſe *habit Happineſſe* doth nouriſh:
Makes *Cõmon-Wealth* flow, & *The Church* to flouriſh:
Serues beſt for *Baſe* to each illuſtrious *State*:
Times mightieſt KINGS calm *Crowns*, & fortunate:
Cauſeth their Subiects *feare* them *louingly*:
Keepes Them, in *Dangers*, euer danger-free.
For, the *Almightie*, printing in their Face,
Milde-*Maieſtie*, ſweet-*Terror*, dreadfull-*Grace*,
And heaping *Hap* vpon them euery-where;
The *Good*, feare, for them; Them, the *Euill* feare.
How many braue Marks, left his noble Minde,
Of th' Happineſs Theſe *Vertues* bring Mankind;
When, full of Conſtancie, he durſt maintaine,
That, raigning for Him, Who made him to raign,
Theſe ſacred *Twinnes*, nigh frõ the World diſ-pell'd,
As in their *Temple*, in His Boſom dwell'd;

Guided

Guided his Perſon, gouern'd his Affaires,
Counſaild his Counſails, qualified his Cares,
Steerd all his Courſe, through all his *Voyage* heer,
As men their Ships by Card & Compaſſe ſteer.

Theſe making him with rareſt ſpirits compeer,
In holy pride, Hee euen deſpiſed heer
The Kings, that, puft with glory of a Throne,
Commaunded All, except themſelues alone.
By th'one, he happied his owne Soule, with Reſt:
By th'other, alſo he his People bleſt.
By th'one, becomming to him Selfe ſeuere,
He rul'd him Selfe; kept his own Power in feare;
By th'other, giuing free Courſe to the Law,
He kept his Subiects in: and happy, ſaw
Through all his Kingdome, *Peace* & *Plenty* flower
In baſeſt Grange, as well as golden Bower.

But 12. times *Sol* throgh the 12. Signes had gon,
When Heauens aſſignd him to his Fathers Throne;
And to the hands of his Man-Childhood left
The glorious Burthen of This Sceptres heft:
But, as in th' Orchards at *Monceaux* or *Blois*,
The Gard'ners Care ouer ſome Graftlings choiſe,
The ſecond yeare of their adoption there,
Makes them as good & goodly fruits to beare,

As

s Trees, whose Trunk & branched Top bewraies
Their Months as many as the Other's dayes;
Through the Heavns fauor & Earths fruitfulness,
Shewing that God their yoūg first-fruits doth bless:
His forward *Vertue* in his *Pupillage*,
Brought forth th'effects of a mans perfect age;
Disprouing quite his feeble signes of youth,
And prouing him inuincible (in truth)
Against vaine *Pleasures*, all their Baits condemning:
Against all *Perils*, *Death* it Selfe contemning:
Against all *Passions*, euer them resisting:
Against all *Crosses*, constant ay-persisting.
For, looke how lowe, his hart in humble awe,
Bee bow'd to GOD, and bended to the Lawe;
So high he mounts it, in Praise-worthy Pride,
Aboue the World, Fortune, and All (beside)
Whose Vanitie, with false gloss gilded o're,
Fond Mortals, most desire, admire, adore:
Desiring, onely, with that holy *Marie*,
(For his degree) That *One thing necessary*.
Admiring solely th' holy Works, wherein
Th'Almighty Workers wondrous hand is seene:
Adoring none but th'Euerlasting *One*;
Him louing best; fearing but HIM alone.

Then,

Then, bearing aye *This Oracle* impreſt
Within the Centre of his royall breſt,
That *A ſincere & true-Religious* KING,
Feared of All, needs feare at all no-Thing;
Where *Hee whoſe Soule hath not This Feare in-layd,*
Of none is feared, but of All affraid.
Arm'd with *This Breaſt-plate*, as with ſtronger Arme
Then Thoſe (of ol') bleſt with inchanting Charms,
He brau'd all Perills that his Proweſſe met,
And His calm Spirit, amid a Storme ſo great
As would haue caſt Youth in a ſwoune inſenſible,
Shew'd *Reſolution* of a heart inuincible;
Appearing ſuch, indeed, as Painters fain
Great *Hercules*, when *Iuno's* fell diſdaign,
Purſuing him, he Monſters quaild and killd;
A Man in Courage, though in Age a Child.
Which well he proou'd to thoſe *Rebellious Peers*,
Who making light of his, then-tender yeers;
And meaſuring his in-ſide by his age,
Troubled his State with ſtorms of *Ciuill Rage*:
Armed againſt him many a Tower & Towne,
Aymed by Ambuſh to ſurpriſe his *Crowne*.
When He, to heale, by neceſſary Ill,
This Ill, before th' Impoſtume ouer-fill,

With Sword in hand their first Assault preuents;
And, as His Subiects, brauely them conuents,
To come and cast them arm-less at his feet;
Or else, as Foes, his armed Force to meet:
From Him, their true *Liege* (if true *French* they be)
Arm'd in the Field, to take This Offer free,
Reuenge, or *Pardon* of their past Mis-deeds,
And all the Mischief which the same succeeds.
The one, his Power should press them to, perforce,
Th'other, their Duties, vrged with Remorse:
Their blind Furie did the One contemne,
Th'other should poure Death & Disgrace on them.
O! how the words of a braue *Prince* preuaile!
This daring Speech did so their Courage quaile,
That though the cold Ice of a prudent Feare,
Did not forth-with put-out their frenzie there;
Yet did it daily from thence-forth decline,
And all their Flame turn'd but to Fume, in fine.
Yea, Those, whose furie dream't a *Diadem*,
Their Side abandon, & disbanding them,
Reiect their vaine Hopes; and, in season, flie
To the King's Mercie for their Remedie.
Others, more dreading Rigour of the Law,
Vnder protection of the *English* draw:

Gil.

Guilding their Guilt with friuolous pretences,
Arming their weak Cauſe with as weak defences;
Till, but increaſing their dishonor by't,
Wanting as well good Fortune as good Right,
They 'r alſo faine to beg his Bounty royall,
Ill worthy Them, ſo obſtinate-Diſloyall.

What proofs of *Proweſſe*, what contēpt of danger
Expreſt this Prince vpon the enuious Stranger,
On cryſtall *Charant*, in *Zantognian* Coaſt,
When falſe *la-Marh*, backt with a foraine Hoſt,
Muſtred againſt him from ſo many parts,
So many Groues of Lances, Pikes, and Darts?

There *France* and *England*, fully bent to Fight,
Had both their Armies in their Order pight;
From Either ſide mount winged Clowdes amain;
On Either ſide they poure their Showers againe:
While ſiluer *Charant*, to haue barr'd their Teene,
Her ſwelling ſhoulders did oppoſe between.

This Riuer makes the Reed-crownd Banks to kiſ
By th'arched fauour of a Bridge there is:
Whoſe gaine or loſſe (beſides the honor) boades,
Or barrs, the Prize of *Victorie*, by ods:
The *Engliſh*, friended by a Fort at hand,
Which proudly did the neighb our Plaines cōmand,

Ha

Had won this Paſſage, and were paſſing on
Cheerely to end their *Victory* begun:
When *Lewis*, ruſhing to the Bridge, the firſt,
Repells the Foe, and puts him to the worſt;
With dead and wounded all the place he paues,
And, then *Horatius*, brauer him behaues:
Re-hartens His: re-haleth from the Foe
Faire *Victorie*, ready with Them to goe:
Standing alone, as a firm Rock, afront,
Almoſt alone, to beare the Battailes brunt;
As th'onely marke of many thouſand Darts,
At Him alone ſtill aimed from all parts:
Till at the laſt, by his example preſt,
Hee winning all, his Armie wonne the reſt;
When, if his *Courage* ſhin'd in Conquering,
More did his *Mildneſſe* in the managing.
Who can recount, and yet who could conceale
Th'illuſtrious *Vertues*, whoſe induſtrious zeale
O'r all the World his honors blazed yerſt,
Ther theſe miſts, theſe firſt clowdes were diſperſt,
And ſcatterd all by the bright-ſhining Rayes
Of this new Sunne, in Summer of his dayes,
When (*Europ's* Vmpire) making *Peace* with Men,
Hee *War* proclaim'd againſt their *Vices* then?

The

The glorious Works his Royall *Vertues* did,
Cannot, without impietie, be hid;
Although, without diminiſhing their Worth,
My *Muſe* (alas) can neuer ſet them forth:
For, of all *Vertues* ſacred Tracts (leaſt rife)
His *Life*'s a Picture, limmed to the life.
And ſuch a Pattern, as to match again,
The Wiſh is vertuous, but the Hope is vain:
Sith, the more wondrous 'tis, & Worthy Table
To imitate, 'tis more inimitable.
So that, His *Worth*, weening to-life to limne,
I ouer-reach, in ſtead of reaching Him:
And, like bad Singers (as too-bold, too-blame)
Sounding His Praiſe, rather My Selfe I ſhame.
In heav'nly *Annals* are his *Acts* inrold:
His Royall *Geſts* are yet in *Aſia* told:
In *Affrike*, yet his *Valour* is renownd:
Through *Europe* euer ſhall his *Vertues* ſound;
And euery-where *Ninth* LEWIS (*Great* in Fame)
Seems, not a Man's, but very VERTVES Name.
Neuer did *Faith*, *Honor*, *Vprightnes*, raign,
With *Conſtancie*, in Soule of SOVERAIN
More pious-giuen, more fearing-God, more Foe
To Idol-Rites (Religion's ouerthrowe);

No

or more desirous *Vertue* to preferre,
o propagate CHRIST's *Kingdom* euery-where;
o root-out *Vice*, to raze *Idolatry*,
nd raise the *Trophies* of TRVTH's *Victory*.
Burning with this Desire (his best Delight)
Affrike, twice, He *Crossed* Standards pight,
pold his Life vnto the chance of War;
Sea and Land aduentur'd oft, and far:
here, seeking Death, at last, He Durance fand,
ithin a faith-less, loue-less, law-less Land,
here Hee, as Gain, & as to raign, did take,
o serue & suffer for his *Sauiours* sake.
But, all the Battaills, won and lost to sing,
road atchieued by this Valiant King:
e Sack of *Damiete*, & the bloudy Spoile
Sarazens, both on the Shores of *Nile*,
d of the Sea, thrice strewed (as it were)
ith Carcases of *Pagans* slaughtered there:
e Siege of *Cairo*, when braue Victorie
urnd all in Black for His Captiuitie:
e sacred Terror & Maiestike Grace
ich (from aboue) shin'd in his eyes & Face,
en two *Turk*-Traitors (with their Swords, in grain
'd with the bloud of their late *Souldan* slain)

Comming

Comming to kill him, felt, with ſtrange remorſe,
Their furie feebled by a ſecret force;
From murderous fiſts letting their weapons fall
When they beheld his face maieſticall.
His *Lybian* iourney, when to *Carthage* tho
This Champion ſeemd another *Scipio*:
Th'honor he won at *Tunis*, where he crownd
His Life & Fortunes, euermore renownd.
In briefe, to vndertake to tell at large
All his Exployts, were a more waighty Charge
Then can the powers of my weak Soule ſupport:
And ſuch a Web to weaue in worthy ſort,
Behoues the hand of a more happy Wit,
Both warp and woofe with golden Threds to fit.
I therefore, quitting th'hopefull Arrogance
Sprung from ignoring of our Ignorance,
Shall thinke My Labour crownd ſufficient,
If this my ſpeaking *Penſil*, *Phœbus* lent
To colour Verſes, can but duly lim
Leaſt-glittering Raies that ſhin'd with Praiſe in Him
Leauing therefore His Wars diſcourſe to Thoſe
Whoſe buskind Muſe *Bellona's* march out-goes,
Whoſe Numbers thunder, & whoſe ſtile diſtills
Freſh drops of Death from their heroïck Quills,

ſty ſtraines, as grauely, brauely-bold:
lowely ſound his *Laurels* leſs extold,
ch He (at Peace) won in his War with *Vices*,
happy Toile in holy Exerciſes.
, as I cannot His high *Prowes* expreſs;
ch-leſs can I with ſilent Slothfulneſs,
der *Oblivion*'s ruſtie keyes conceale
e wondrous Care, the right religious Zeale
ich from his Youth ay in his heart had burn'd,
ſee *The ſeen Houſe of the Lord* adornd:
, in this Vertue, none hath neer Him come
all the Kings haue raigned in *Chriſtendome*.
, for, We owe to Him the Monuments
ich with his bloud *Our Sauiour's* Patience
h'd in his *Paſſion*, & whoſe Sight, as yet,
kes godly Soules in ſad-glad ſacred Fit:
, for (abhorring Shepheards bad & blind)
ndious Care boyld in his zealous Minde,
burn'd his Soule's ſoule with a hot deſire,
t, in the *Church-Ship*, none to Charge aſpire,
skilfull, faithfull, carefull, Mariners,
le & apt for all Affaires of Hers;
oſe holy Labors, in couragious ſort,
ugre all Storms, may ſteer into the Port.

Deuoured of this Zeale, and dreading aye
Leaſt He be charged at the latter Day
By th' *onely Iudge*, with *Vice* & *Ignorance*
Of thoſe he choſe, through all the Folds of *France*,
To Feed the Flocks vnder his Power ally'd:
When's royall office bound him to prouide,
With wondrous Care did he their liues explore,
Who-euer had commended them before:
And neuer gaue he the ſupreme Degrees,
Th' *Eccleſiaſtik* ſacred *Dignities*,
But vnto Thoſe whoſe *Life* & *Learning* too
Were Eminent, both to *direct* and *doo*;
To feed, as Shepheards; as a Watch, to Ward;
To heale the Sick, Sound from the Wolf to gard,
And carefull Stewards in due time to break
The *Bread of Life* both to the ſtrong and weak:
Not Thoſe whoſe Eyes deep vaild with *Ignorance*;
Or *Knowledge* ſtain'd with Sinnes *Exorbitance*,
Made like th' old woodden *Mercuries*, erect
In publik *Wayes*, the Paſſage to direct,
Who, with their *finger* the Right Path did point,
But, with their *foote* could neuer moue a ioynt.
How, how ſhould Thoſe, for Guide & Lantern ſer
To th' Ignorance of People prone to ſwerue;

Whe

oſe Ignorance, deuoid of *Learnings Light*,
not diſcerne from crooked *Waies* the right?
How can Thoſe, foule, Sin-ſick Soules recure
bō Patterns more then Precepts would allure)
oſe Eloquence, whoſe excellence of Wit,
n their *Well-ſaying* by *Ill-doing* it;
le what they *Preach*, in *Practice* they denie,
by their *Deeds*, giue their own *Words* the Lie.
either the *Learned*, of true *Vertue* void;
ther the *Vertuous*, without *Learning's* aide;
, in the Flock of CHRIST's *Redeemed deere*,
re th' holy *Sheep-hooks* ſacred Burthen heere,
h that Succeſs which ſhould be wiſht by Them
t ſeek the glory of *Ieruſalem*.
ning and *Vertue* muſt together match,
oſe ſacred Flocks dulie to *Weeld* and *Watch*:
ain 's their pain, who do not *lead*, but *driue*,
ching like *Shepheards*, while like *Wolues* they *liue*;
This good Prince: and that ſame very Thought
ich from his hart this holy Speech had brought,
ught forth th'effect: He did ſo thirſt to ſee
gion flouriſh; and through th' Induſtrie
Labourers, diuinely *Willd* and *Skilld*,
D's holy *Vine-yard*, trulie, duly tilld.

Nor was His Care leſſe, nor, much leſſe, his Zea
Of *Lawes* ſupport (Props of the Publik-Weal)
So ſtrict he was & ſo preciſe in Choiſe
Of Thoſe (not waighd but by their Merits poize)
Whom, arming with his Sword, as Delegates,
Hee ſent amid the Rank of *Magiſtrates*,
Garniſht with *Vertues*, grac't with *Learning*, fit
On bright *Aſtréas* ſacred Thrones to ſit.
His *Predeceſſors*, winking at the Crimes,
Or elſe conſtraind with Miſchiefe of their Times
(All giuen to Gain, greedy of Gold) had made
Of *Offices* a miſerable Trade:
Neuer regarding, that they ſet (withall)
Both Innocence, Honor, & Right to-ſale:
Sold, to th' inſatiate, *Licence* (as they pleaſe)
To pill the People, vnder ſhowes of Eaſe:
And let the Knaue, with his full *Purſe*, preuent
The known long *Merit* of the Excellent.
Hee, ſeeing This Abuſe to ope the Gate
To all *Iniuſtice*, to confound a State:
The Guiltie quit, the Innocent condemnd;
Wrong countenanc't, Right rated, or contemnd;
And onely *Fauour* (vnder fained Gowne)
O're-ruling Iudgements, *Equitie* put-downe:

Iuſ

ce, in Courts vſing her *Balance* bright,
waigh the Parties Money, not their Right:
d *Ignorance*, in Dignities ſupreame,
ling their ſacred Chayres with Wrongs extreame;
ing too-ſhame-leſs, too-vnconſcionable,
at Shee, vnworthy, bought vnreaſonable:
ing, in briefe, his Realmes neere Ieopardie:
e ſtrength of Lawes turnd to meer Robberie:
rant Thefts, with Warrant vnder-handed,
onely not condemned, but commanded:
oe as his Valor, quelling all his Foen,
ſet him quiet on his Fathers Throne,
e baniſht quite This ſad *Confuſions* Cauſe,
s fatal Death of *Letters*, & of *Lawes*;
cording to our *Saviours* bleſt Example,
o angry chas't the *Chapmen* forth his Temple.
Then, where he met a Well-diſpoſed Wit,
oſe *Knowledge* and whoſe *Cariage*, matching fit,
e him good hope, that beeing (free) prefard,
would be th' Orphans & the Widowes Gard;
e Poore's Protector, in their Right to ſtand:
eye for *Favour*; & for *Bribes*, no hand;
Awe of Threats, and for Intreats no Eare,
ing aſide, *Love*, *Hatred*, *Hope*, and *Feare*,

When he ſhall ſit as Oracle, to doome;
Where Man is vnto Man, as in God's Roome:
Him would this noble Prince freelie *create*
A *Chancelour*, a *Iudge*, a *Magiſtrate*,
A *Deane*, a *Biſhop*; without buſie Suit
Of bribed Minions baſely to purſu 't.
O euer-wiſhed, neuer hoped Dayes,
Which Gold's-contempt ſo gilt with golden Raye
How calm you paſt! How was the People bleſt,
Vnder the Lawes of ſuch a Princes Heſt!
And ô! How worthy Hee, in ſpight of Time,
To be renowmed ouer euery Clime!
Through whom *Integritie* reuiu'd again,
And *Sentences*, ceaſing to paſſe for Gain
(As now, God wot, too many witneſſe can)
Were GOD's owne *Sentence*, in the Mouth of Mac
For neither ſpar'd He Rigour nor Reward,
Where he had hope, by gentle hand or hard,
To conquer *Vice*, and that ſame *ſeruile Vein*
Which loues not *Goodnes*, but for Goods & Gain;
And with a hart whoſe Gold-Thirſt neuer *ſat* is,
Will neuer till the Field of VERTVE, *gratis*.
Knowing therefore, that in a Seaſon vicious,
We ſooner finde a *Pyrrhus*, then *Fabricius*;

A

nd wisely fearing least the feare of Want,
r loue of Wealth should worldly minds supplant,
nd make them pass their duties bounds perchance,
hom he to place of Honor should aduance:
o keep their Port, with People, venerable;
o bear their Charge of needfull Train & Table;
e arm'd their *Vertue* against Pouertie
The secret Foe to sound *Integritie*)
ith ample Stipends, able to repell
he law-less Lawes of those Two Tyrants fell,
hose Iron Scepter, too-too-often forces
ight honest Natures to dishonest Courses.
nd then, if Fauour, Feud, or Auarice,
o grosse *Iniustice* did their hands intice,
ee punisht aye their Tresspass with such Rigor,
hat Lawes, recouering then their ancient vigor,
eem'd That seuere Example to reviue,
hich in the *Skin* of Father flay'd aliue
For wrong *Decrees*) his Sonne succeeding thrust;
bloodie *Doom*, yet, for *Iniustice*, iust:
hat after-*Iudges*, by their *Iudge-skin* Chaire
rom *Bribes* and *Brokage* might be warned faire.
Aboue all Crimes his hearts iust Iealousie
bhorred most *Murder* and *Blasphemy*:

Nor

Nor euer did the First escape with life;
Vnlesse by Proofs it were apparant rife,
That *Self-defending*, 't was vnwilling done;
Forc't, deadly Stroak, by deadly Stroak, to shun:
Th'other was punisht where he sinned, iust,
A red-hot Iron through his ...gue was thrust;
To teach Blasphemous Mouthes no more to blame
That holy, high, vn-vtterable Name,
Ador'd in Heau'n & Earth, & euery-where;
Which, euen the Angels speak not, but with feare.
O! how he hated Those light, lothsom, Places,
Where *Venus* sells her to all lewd Embraces!
The Shepheard, finding, vnder Stacks, or Stones,
A Nest of Hornets, or a Swarm of Drones,
Or knot of Vipers, is not bent more fierce,
Their Cells to spoile, Themselues dispatch, disperse,
Then Hee was egre, & against Them bent
Seuerest Lawes, with sharpest punishment;
Clensing with Fire those foule *Augéan* Stalls,
And, to the ground, razing their filthy Walls.
Lacing with lashes their vn-pittied Skin,
Whom *Lust* or *Lucre* had bestow'd therein.
Him-Selfe, so chaste of Body, and of Minde
(If *Fame* say true: who seldom soothes behinde.)

That

That neuer Hee (rare in a Princes Life!)
Knew other *Venus*, then his *Queene* and *Wife*.
What Prince was euer, to the silly Poore,
More tender-harted, either helpfull more?
Amany Kings haue, by high Feats in Warr,
Renownd their Names, & spred their Glories farr:
By wholesome Lawes Licentious Rage repress:
By many Proofs their *Prudence* well expreſt:
By all the parts of *Policie* & *Prowes*,
Won all the Honors earthly State allowes:
But, few vouchsafe to stoope their stately eyes
To th'humble Poore that on the dunghill lyes:
And little think, that, in those Little ones,
Christ, *Christ* Him-selfe vnto their Greatnes grones;
Beggs at their Feet, in raggs, and hunger-driuen;
And promiseth, for *Bread* to giue Them *Heav'n*.
O hearts of Adamant! This pittious King
From Your fel Natures was far differing.
For, oftentimes, from his high Throne descending,
To sowe & reap the Fruits on *Almes* attending,
All, all that could from ordinary rate
In Royall Charge of Kingdom, House, & State,
Be safely spar'd, with honorable Thrift,
From such a heart & hand so apt to Gift;

Would

Would He bestowe in building *sacred Cells*,
For th' *Aged*, *Poore*, *Sick*, *Sight-less* (*Help-less* els)
In ayding *Widowes*, whom the bliss of *Bearing*
Made wretched, wanting for their Childrens *Rearing*:
Redeeming Captiues, raising Doweries
For honest Maydens apt for Mariages,
(Whose *Banes* (vnaskt) still *Powertie* forbad)
Passing their Flower in Feares & Languors sad:
In breeding Orphans, and in feeding Those
Whose bashfull Silence, biting in their Woes,
Smoother'd the Sighes within their swelling brest,
Which frō their Mouthes meer Hunger often prest.
In briefe, in pouring on all *Poore*, no lesse
Streams of Reliefe, then Fortune of Distresse:
Approuing plain, that, in most *Pomp* of *State*,
Him Selfe a Man he aye did meditate.

His People He so lou'd, and their Prosperitie,
That, easing them of former Kings seueritie
In Impost, Tributs, Taxes, & the rest,
Where-with his Kingdom had been sore oppreſt:
He wont with Tears to bathe his Cheeks (they say)
When vrging Cause compelled him to lay
On his poore Subiects any new Excise,
Neuer so needfull, iust, or light to prize;

Which

Which yet his Pittie rarely did permit;
And onely when *Bellona* (preſſing it)
Againſt our *Lillies* ſome ſuch Storm had blown,
As hath too-often *Empires* ouerthrown.
For, for the Charge of needfull Dignitie,
And royall State beſeeming Maieſtie,
Hee neuer ſought from other Source to drain,
Then th'euer-Springs of his owne iuſt *Demain*.
Deteſting th'vſe of other Potentates,
Who, but to gild their Pride in pompous States,
Pilld all their Subiects with extreame Exceſſe:
And then conſuming it in Showes & Feaſts,
And ſcorning thoſe whom they had eaten-vp
(With-out Compaſſion) in a golden Cup
Carrouſed deep their wretched Peoples blood,
Whom God had giuen Them to protect, in good.
What Lawes-Obliuion, What Contempt of GOD
(Thus, this good Prince, Them, ſhril & ſharply chod)
Deaffens your Eares againſt ſo many a Plaint!
Inhumane ſoules, who, toucht with bloody Taint,
Ill Shepheards, ſhear not, but euen flay your Fold,
To turn the Skins to Caſſakins of Gold;
Thinke You, the Heav'ns, which hate all Tyrannie,
Will wink at Yours, and let you ſcape ſo, free?

No,

No, no; they'll ruine Your vnrighteous Power;
And, causing soon Your Subiects rise in Stower,
The Iust-Reuenger, who all Realms transfers,
Of mightiest Kings shal make you School-masters:
Shall break your proud *Tax*-puffed Sceptres so,
That, for th'abuse, you shall the vse forgo:
Or shall so curse the cruell Policies
Your *Minions* finde to feed your Vanities,
That in Your hands your Gold shal melt away,
And still the more you pill, the more you may:
(Like *Dropsie-sicke*, the more they drink, the dryer)
The more you shall deuour, the more desire:
New *Erisichthons*, through insatiate heat,
Forced in fine your Selues to teare & eate.
Branding with Shame of Marks so mercie-less,
So impious Pride of hearts so Pitie-less,
Who burd'ning Subiects more then beare they can,
Hold neither God for God; nor Man for Man.
But, whither run I, on so harsh a string,
Out of my Tune; to tell how This good King
Reprou'd bad Princes of his Time for pressing
Their People cause-less with vncessant Sessing.
Let's re-assume our Song, our proper Theam:
Let's passe-by *Vice*, & rather couering them,

Then

Then Them recounting in eternall Story,
Let vs returne to ſing of *Vertues* Glory.
How happy is the Prince, who ſquaring right
By ſacred Lawes the limits of his Might,
Ioyes in *Well*-dooing, and as *Iuſt* as *Wiſe*,
Thinks not himſelfe to raign; ſaue, Noblewiſe,
When He his People heeds, and hearing aye
Their iuſt Complaints, doth in due time repay
What euery Monarch (with deuotion) vowes
To GOD & Men, when firſt his royall Browes
(Vnder ſo many ſolemne Myſteries:
With hopeful Subiects wiſhfull, ioyful Cryes)
Put-on the glad-ſad ſacred *Diadem*,
Which inſtantly from thence-forth puts on Him
That *Robe of Power*, which thoſe doth much miſ-ſuit
Who haue not on rare *Vertues* richeſt Suit.
Among ſuch Kings, who ay, as Right directs,
Meaſure their Greatnes by their Good-effects;
Not by their Fortunes, or their Force of hand;
Or many Nations vnder their Command;
Was that illuſtrious Prince to whom we pay
Heroïk Duties in this *Hymnik* Lay.
For, while, at home, he happy Peace inioyd,
Hee neuer ſuffer'd day to vaniſh voyd

Of

Of giuing Audience, & extending free
Fruits of his *Iuſtice* vnto each Degree:
Grieuing in minde, grudging at thoſe, as loſt,
Leſs worthy ſpent, although vnwilling moſt.
Perſwaded ſure, that with what eye or eare
His Peoples Caſe a Prince doth heed and heare;
With like, the Lord, in his extreame Affaires,
Will looke on Him, & liſten to his Prayers:
That that ſame pompous, glittering, glorious Slauery,
Improperly calld *Royall* (for the Brauery)
In proper ſpeech (by due Experience ſcand)
'T 's an *Onerous-Honor*, a *Confin'd Command*:
That Kings were made for Subiects; & not they,
Not They for Kings: that though both Land & Sea
Adore their Greatnes (Lawes Support alone)
Yet, Princes Eares are not indeed their Owne;
But their own Peoples that doe humbly liue
Vnder th'obedience of the Lawes They giue:
That, to be briefe, of mightieſt Kings that are,
Labour 's the Glory, and their Greatnes Care.
Such ſound Inſtructions, from his Cradle vs'd,
His vertuous Mother wiſely had infus'd;
Which in his Princely breſt digeſting milde,
A Man, he practiz'd what he learnt, a Childe:

Ready

eady to heare the meaneſt that complaine;
eferring wiſely ſuch a ſacred paine
efore the pleaſure of the choiceſt Sport
ould be deuiſd in Countrey or in Court:
hence in his People ſuch Affection ſpreads,
hey bleſs his Birth-day, & the ground he treads;
allhim their Father, & with Vowes amain
requent the Altars for his long-long Raign:
if that Wiſh (the Sum of their Deſire)
ontained All all Prayers could require,
rvſd to beg of Heav'ns eternall Bountie,
asking *Peace*, *Riches*, *Religion*, *Plentie*,
nd all the Bleſſings which ASTREA's hand
an plant or poure vpon a happy Land.
What Tracts of Art, What Tropes of *Eloquence*
an liuely repreſent to modern Princes,
So as euen *Envies* Self ſhall nought controule)
hat Self-ſeuere *Integritie* of Soule,
hoſe humble, patient, conſtant Temperance,
ath no Succeſſor as yet had in *France*,
or yet elſ-where, how-euer euery State
an yet admire it, none can imitate.
EVROPE (where euer *Vice* and *Vertue* moſt
aue ſtriuen for Empire, beſt & worſt to boaſt)

Hath

Hath whilom seen Kings treading in the Path
Of notedst Tyrants, who with Threatful Wrath,
And all the Terrors, which Mans Cruell Rage,
To fright Mankinde had found in former age,
Restraind their Subiects frō their Deaths Cōspiring:
Who, so, less-daring, had the more desiring.
But, This right generous Prince, still walking fit,
Within the Path which Tyrants neuer hit,
Onely restraind all Publique Insolence,
By th'euen-born Raines of his own Innocence.
Giuing so little hold to *Mal-contents*,
Taking, at sharp Reproofs, so small Offence,
That by effect his Royall Soule did showe,
That in the same no liuelier Flame did glowe,
Then a Desire, so Temperate to frame-him,
That all might boldly, none might iustly, blame him.
Smooth Soothers, poysoning by the Eare the hart,
Pernitious Weeds, who (Ivie-like) subuert,
Distort, destroy the Trees you climbe vpon;
Still feeding Vice with such Contagion,
That seldom, Soules, who with Applause approue
Your *praising* them, do ought *Praise-worthy* loue:
Vizards of Homage, Vertues Pestilence,
Right ill-come were You to This Vertuous Prince,
Who

o, ſhunning aye Your baneſull Whiſperings,
common Poiſoners of the publique Springs,
horr'd your preſence, & could better brook
miſs-Fault-finder, then a *Fawner's* look.
much a Noble Minde, remote from Vice,
uing true Honor, loatheth *Flatteries*.
What pleaſure took He, how extream Delight
Hiſtories, where many times hee might
view him Selfe; amaz'd, to read the things
here ſaid, *of Kings*; which none dare ſay *to Kings*!
w was he rapt! how ſweetly extaſed,
hen that diuine *Eternall Will* he read,
here, with ſo liberall, iuſt, & louing hand,
d ſhares to His the *Heav'nly-Holy-land*!
That which is ſaid of *Alexander's* loue
o *Homer's* Works (whoſe graces, all approue)
y well of Him, for honoring the Miracles
th' *Heav'nly Author*, ſpeaking in his Oracles:
hich, as a precious Treaſure, richly cas't
Gold & Cedar, had hee neer him plac't;
lling it aye his Ioy of Exerciſes,
e Spur of *Vertues*, & the Curb of *Vices*.
happily his *Publik Cares* lent Leaſure,
ſpent it not in more contenting pleaſure,

Then That ſo ſacred Studie's Fruit imparts
To th'healthy Taſte of true *God-fearing* hearts,
And well appeared, by rare, rich Effects
Of *Vertues* ſhining ouer all his Acts,
That that diuine *Seed* (happy ſowne the while)
Fell in no *Thorny*, *Stony*, *Sandy* Soile.
For, if that euer Soule did Vice auoid,
If euer heer meer humane Spirit inioyd
Prowes, *Pietie*, *Prudence*, and *Iuſtice*, mixt,
Without the Foil of Follies Droſſe betwixt
(Frõ proudeſt Wrong, the pooreſt Right defending
Diſdaining Pleaſures towards Vice but tending:
Milde to the Meek; to Malipert, austere:
To good men, Bountious; to the bad, Seuere)
'Twas This braue Prince: Whõ, They do beſt reſem
In Whom *Theſe Vertues* moſt of all aſſemble.
Kings of his Time, raigning in *Eaſt* and *Weſt*,
Reuéring him for ſuch, his Greatnes bleſt:
Th' Afflicted Princes choſe him for Refuge;
The Strong, for Friend; & Thoſe at Strife, for Iudge,
When they grew weary to diſpute their Cauſe
By th'old ſharp Argument Kings Furie drawes,
When, *Mars* vſurping milde *Aſtréa's* room,
In ſted of Words, their Swords muſt giue the Doom

Whe

hen Iniurie with Iniury repelling,
nd ſtrength of Lawes by ſtronger Lawes refelling
(to back their Own, or Others *Claim* to barr)
hey ſeek their Right in Might; their Peace, in War.
Such wae S^t. LEWIS: *and Such was, wel-neer,*
r Own S^t. EDWARD (*and* ELIZA *deer*;
ue for Her Sex, the Salique *Law, perchance,*
urs Her Succeſsion to the Saints *of* France)
r all prime Vertues *of a complete Prince*
make a Saint-King. *And, if euer, Since,*
VROPE *hath ſeen, or any kingdom know'n*
liuing Shrine *of Both Theſe* Saints *in One*
Though, *ſome,* Suſpect *of the ſmooth* Soothing-*Crime*;
me, *groſſe* Neglect *of This* Ingratefull *Time,*
o. Envie-*prone, permit not* So to ſay)
will be Said *and* Sworne *another Day*
When *ſwelling* Clowds, *that dare* Eclipſe *our Sun,*
hall, *by His Rayes diſperſed, be vndone*;
nd HE, Him-ſelfe, *in his* Own *ſplendor ſhine*)
Was our IVST-MASTER, *learned & diuine.*
And, if that euer (*for the Time to come*)
here *haue bin* Hope *of like in* CHRISTENDOM;
here was *a Prince, and is a Prince with* GOD,
hoſe *Name is deer, and deer the Duſt he trod*

(*Whose* Memory *My* Teares *must euer mix*)
On Whom all Eyes, in Whom all Hearts did fix:
Whose Vertues Harueſt *ripened in his* Spring,
HENRY *was made a* Saint, *before a* King,
Leauing his Brother (*where His Beſt re-flowres*)
Sole Heire *apparant to His* Hopes *and Ours.*
And, if yet, vnder Heav'ns gilt-azure Cope,
There now remaine Another *liuing* Hope
Of new St. LEWIS, *or His like again,*
For godly, goodly, gracious, glorious Raign,
With Bliſſe to BRITAN, *and the* Sacred Flock,
Not built on Peter's ROME, *but* Peter's Rock;
This, This is Hee: My Patrone *and my Prince,*
PANARETVS; *Whoſe Pupil-*Excellence
Boads, in his Age, to make This Poëm *ſeem*
No Poëm, *but a* Prophecie *of* HIM.
For, neuer was there Sonne more like to Sire,
In face, or grace, or Ought that Wee admire;
Then is Our CHARLES, *in his yong* Vertues Spring
Like th' happy Non-Age of that Holy King
(*Like his Owne Father; like his Onely Brother,*
So as Hee ſeems rather The ſame, then Other)
For Gracious Gifts, & Natiue Goodnes, tilld,
By like graue Tutors, in their Function *skilld.*

O Thou All-Giuer! Fountaine of all Good!
Poure daily downe vpon This Hopefull Bud
Thy Deawes of Grace: *ſhine on it from aboue*
In mildeſt Rayes of Mercie *and of* Loue:
Inſted of Suckers, *ſend it* Succours *ſtill,*
To feed the Root, that That the reſt may fill
With liuely Verdure of a fruitfull Sap,
To load with Plentie *euery* Vertuous *Lap:*
Breathe on it Bleſſings: *leaue no* Weed *with-out,*
Nor Worm *with-in it: hedge it round-about*
From Boares, *and* Beaſts, *domeſticall & Stranger;*
Both Wylde & Wylie (Where leaſt Dread, moſt Danger):
That it may kindly ſpring, and timely ſpred,
In Bulk and Branch, *with leaues that neuer ſhed:*
Vnder whoſe Shade *mine Aged* Mule *may warble*
Some Monument (out-laſting Braſſe & Marble)
In Swan-like notes, to My Mecœnas *Honor,*
When Hee beſtowes ſome Neſt *of Reſt vpon-her.*
Nor may my Vowes *ingrateſully forget*
Our Other Branch (*in Other Soile new-ſet*)
Whoſe tender Leaues, ſhaken with Sighs of Ours,
Inſted of Tears, haue dropped Siluer ſhowers
To coole My Thirſt, my Cares to cure, or calm,
With timely Vſe of Bounties *princely Balm:*

O Sea of Bounties *neuer-dryed Source!*
So water it with Thy rich Fauours *Course,*
That, Happy thriuing by her PALATINE,
The Royall Issue of Their Rosie-Vine,
From Rhine *and* Ister, *may to* Tiber *spred,*
And, ouer-topping ROMES *vsurping* Head,
From Bramble-Kings *recouer* CEASARS *Seat,*
With greater Sway *thē* CONSTANTINE *the Great*
Great Arbitrer, *whose Counsels none can sound;*
Who canst all Thrones confirm, and all confound;
Conferring Kingdoms, and transferring them,
How, When & Where Thou wilt, from Stem to Stem;
Establish, Lord, in Royall IAMES *his* Race,
These Kingdoms *Greatnes, & Thy Kingdoms Grace:*
Prosper our DAVID, *blesse his* SALOMON,
That after Them, vpon GREAT-BRITAN's *Throne*
(*Maugre* Hells *malice & the Rage of* ROME,
Their roaring Bulls, *their Claims, their Arms, to-come,*
Their Powder-*Plots, their Pistols, Poysons, Knives;*
And All their Iesuites *murdrous* Art *contrives*)
Their Seed *may sit; and neuer Other hand*
Then STVARTS *sway the* Sceptre *of This Land;*
Wise, Great, Good, STVARTS, *that may shine as cleer*
As This St. LEWIS, *hath in Heav'n & Heer.*

AMEN.

A HYMN of ALMS:

OR

THE BEGGERS BELL;

heard, from beyond

THE CHARTER-HOVSE,

To ring All-in,

To

The Temple

of

CHARITIE;

In an Eccho

Iterated,

&

Conſecrated

To

The right-*right Reuerend*

&

Double-Honorable Father,

GEORGE ABBOT,

L. Arch-Biſhop of Canterbury,

&c.

By IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

44.
7 25
638
BRITISH MUSEUM

TO
My Lord of Canterbury
His Grace.

My Wit, *weak* Orphan, weaned *too-too-yong*
Frõ PALLAS *Breſt*, *&* *too-too-Truant-bred*
(*Not*, *as too*-wanton, *but too*-wanting) *led*
From Arts, *to* Marts (*and Miſeries among*)
And elſe, *perhaps* (*beſides du* BARTAS) *ſung*
Some natiue Strains *the graueſt might haue read*;
And to your Grace *now gratefy tendered*
Some fitter Sound *then* This *rude* Bell *hath rung*.
But; *ſith it tends to* drown *th'Heavn-reaching* Cry
Of Blood *heer ſhed by* Luxe *and* Auarice;
And to awake *the* World *to* CHARITIE
Whereof Your Life *ſo liuely* Pattern *is*)
Propitious, pardon *mine officious* Zeal,
In This lowd Eccho *of a lowder Peal.*

Your Graces

moſt bounden
&
humble Bead-man,

Dd2 IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

AD
Eundem
Præſulem præoptimum

EPIGRAMMA;
Ex lat. I.O.
1611.

Soone, Oxford's *Head*; *Soone* Winton's *Dean* Thou wert:
Soone, Litchfield had thee Her *Dioceſan*:
Soone, London had thee Hers, by Thy Deſert:
Soone, England ioyes Thee *Metropolitan*;
Soone, by the King, call'd to His *Counſailes* High;
What ſhall I wiſh thee *late*? but, *late* to die.

Eiuſdem
Ampliſsimi
ANAGRAMMA
Duplex.

Georgius Abbot.
Gregis Tuba, böo:
Subitò gregabo.

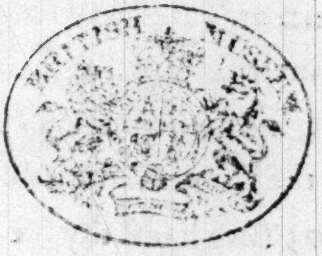
BRITISH MUSEUM

AD
Reuerendiſsimum
Dominum
Epiſcopum Londinenſem,
EPIGRAMMA;
Ex lat. I. O.
1611.

THee, learned KING, the learnedſt King elected
Great LONDON's *Paſtor*; which Thee glad-expected:
Others are wont, that hunt for ſuch Reward
Of Wit & Art, ſue in the SEE's *Vacation*:
Thee KING, the King, th' Arch-Biſhop *call'd*, prefard;
The *Citie*, too; *Thou* hadſt thy SEE's *Vocation*.

Eiuſdem
Præconis diſertiſsimi
ANAGRAMMA.

Iohannes King.
Oh, Igni-Canens!



A HYMNE of ALMES.

ALMES (*holy Gift*, vouchſafed from aboue)
Is a ſure Pledge and Symbole of that *Loue*,
Which GOD, iuſt Steward, as a Deaw poures-out
On Earth, expoſd to empty *Aier* about:
For, from this *Vnion*, from this conſtant League,
From time to time Mankinde doth duely beg
All that the Sun imparts his powers vnto,
Of liuing Creatures and vn-liuing too:
So that, our *Being*, *Begging* may we call;
With, of her Maker, Nature borrowes all:
Gainſt *Vſurers* and Churles *Vnthankfulnes*,
Who to CHRIST's Members ſhew them Mercy-leſs.
He that, for GOD, but a good Motion hath,
Guiding his Minde vp to the *Milkie Path*,
Admire there (*nameleſs*) what he cannot knowe
By th'eye of *Reaſon* (where yet ſhineth though
The *Sun of Righteouſnes*; as th'vſuall Sun,
Through Crannies ſhines into a Dungeon:)

He, He (I say) that hath but Nature's sense,
For *Faith*; for *Law*, but native Innocence;
In his simplicity hath alwaies care
To practise ALMES, ALMES to receiue & share:
So common 'tis with sociable Man
To giue and take the mutual ALMES he can;
Yea, in our Cradles, yer our Tongues can craue,
We beg with Cries what we had need to haue.
The Heav'ns, dispensing sacred Influences,
Predominant in Birth of Poore and Princes,
Aboundantly (with bountious Ouer-plus)
Poure th'*Hebrew's Manna*, many waies, on Vs;
To teach that We, by sundry Charities,
Should mildely ease each others Miseries.
Euen as the *Opal*, in his orient lustre
Where various colours of all Stones doe muster,
Shewes the rare Riches of the Pearly *East*;
Almes is *The Glass* of wel-bred soules and blest,
Shewing each other *Vertue's* sacred Quality,
In th'Heav'n-allyed Man of *Liberality*.
ALMES are the Cæment of this round Theater:
Where, in a differing kinde, Earth, Aier, and Water,
Intend the same thing; *liberally to giue*
Their ALMES to Rocks, Plants, Creatures all that liue
Conducing

Conducing Fire withall, whoſe Force vnſeen
Giues frankly, too, his helpfull Heat between.
ALMES, in our Bodies worketh all in all:
Th'*Eyes* lend it Light; the *Hands*, moſt *liberal*
Laborious ALMNERS, being home to the Head
All needfull Store where-with the VVhole is fed:
The Feet ſupply it with their meet Support;
And each, each other, as their Parts comport:
The *Liuer*, Nurſe of Naturall Faculties,
Firſt warms, then feeds, the Nerues, Veins, Arteries;
Cauſing the *Stomach* (as His *Almes*) receiue
The Heat which firſt his vertue doth conceiue:
The ſpongie *Lungs* with gentle Sighes inſpire
The vitall Aier our *Little-Worlds* require:
Th'*Heart* quick and ready, with *Almes*-vowed Vigor,
Drawes to it ſelfe (againſt extreameſt Rigor,
For vtmoſt Refuge) all our liueliеſt Heat,
To ſuccour Nature, when Death ſeems to threat:
The *Soule* (ſolely diuine) Life's motion brings
To all the Members of This *Thing of Things*,
(ALME's Heir apparant) to VVhom, ſupreme Sage
Heav'ns *Alm'ner* gaue the Earth for heritage;
That, hauing *free* receiv'd ſo various Store,
He ſhould be *frank* to th'Needy, Naked, Poore.

Be

Be bountious ALMNERS, ſaid All *Bounties* Father;
Y' are not heer *Owners*, but meer *Stewards* rather:
I haue ordain'd you to prouide and care
For th'*Orphane*, Poore, that vnprouided are.
If, narrow-hearted, You ſhrink-in your hands
From th'humble *Begger* that Your ALMES demands;
I'll make Your Goods (like water) leak away;
Your Lands, a Stranger ſhall inherit aye;
Your Gold (your God) before you be aware,
Some barbarous Souldiers in your ſight ſhall ſhare:
Your ſtately houſes (ſtiled by your Names)
VVarres rage ſhall ruine, or ſome ſodain Flames,
VVhich I ſhall kindle (in my iuſt diſpleaſure)
Againſt yor Selues, yor Seed, yor Truſt, yor Treaſure
The *Mercileſs*, with *Me* ſhall *Mercy* miſs:
That *Vice* alone all *Vertues* Poyſon is.
Abram, *Lot*, *Ioſeph*, *Iob*, were A LMNERS all
(To Strangers kinde, to Neighbours *liberal*)
By ſacred record, which renownes them more
For this rare Vertue, then All elſe, of yore;
As if, with GOD (the Author of all Good)
Their chief perfection in this Function ſtood,
Sole *Soule of Vertues*, ſecond *Life* of all
This various vaſt Orbe, which the World we call.

Calling

Calling to record the Rein-ſearching Eye,
Heer I proteſt that in My Pouerty
(*Though theſe* deer *Times* daign *Me ſo ſcant a* Scope,
That hauing *Nothing, I can Nothing* hope)
Next my Home-charge (*where* Charity *begins*)
My deepeſt Sighes (*ſaue for my* Debts *and* Sinnes)
Riſe from Compaſsion, *and* Deſire *to* ſteed
Others which Helps *which yet my Self I* need:
To Succour *Others: to be* (*like the* Sun)
Extending *Light and Heat to* Euery-one:
To be, to All, in ſome ſort, neceſſarie
(*For* Vertues Meed, *and not as* mercenary):
Rather, to giue, *then* take; *to* lend, *then* borrow;
A Pound to-Night, then but a Crowne to-Morrow:
But, th'Heau'nly Wiſedome (*beſt, it Selfe knowes Why*)
Doth ſtill th'Effect of This Affect deny,
Denying Meanes and Matter, to expreſs
Mine inward Zeal *to* ALMES and Thankfulnes;
Which oft breakes-out (*without a Trompet blow'n*)
To giue (GOD knowes) *more then I knowe mine Own*
(*The more my Grief*) *the leſs my Thought of* Merit,
Or Thirſt of Praiſe, *though heer I thus auerr-it;*
By th'humble Proffer of ſo Poor *a* Mite,
Th'abundant Rich *to* Bounty *to incite.*

Vain-

Vain-glorious ALMNERS are effeminate,
Affecting *Works*, but to be wondred-at;
Whose *Vertue* is meer *Vanity* (indeed)
And heer receiues their momentary *Meed:*
The *Meritorious* (such as ween them so)
Indebting GOD to Them for what they doe;
In sted of *Heau'n*, where *Humble Soules* abide,
Shall purchase *Hell*, the Portion of their *Pride.*

O! Thrice, thrice *Happy* He, whose free Desires,
To *Charity* a holy feruour fiers:
VVho only mindes *GOD's glory*, by his Gift,
And *Neighbor's Good*; without siniſter Drift:
Famine (familiar vnto Rogues that range)
Shall not come neer his Garner nor his Grange:
His Fields, with Corn, abundant Crop shall couer;
His Vines with Grapes, his Hedge vvith Roses ouer;
His Downs wth Sheep, his Daery-grounds with Neat;
His Mounts with Kids, his Moores with Oxen great;
His Groues with Droues (increasing night and day)
His Hills with Heards, his smiling Meads with Hay:
His Fenns with Fowl, his Pills and Pooles with Fish;
His Trees with Fruits, with Plenty euery Dish:
Content and *Health* (the best of Earthly bliss)
Shall euermore remaine with Him and His:

Him,

Him, *Pride* nor *Enuy* neuer ſhall moleſt;
Nor Corſiue *Care*, Foe to Repaſt and Reſt.
For, th'All-ſee Eye ſtill carefully reſpects
The ALMNER's Houſe, and euer it protects;
Till finally, vvhen *Iuſtice* endeth All,
Sweet *Mercie's* Voice Him to Heauens Kingdom cal.
But, th' *Vſurer* (how-euer heer he thriue
In Heards and Hoords) already dead *aliue*
(No Heat of Loue, no Heart to *giue* a Mite,
Except to *gain* and *gather* double by't)
Him, in That Day (to Him a Day of VVoe)
The *Holy-One*, th'All-Knower will not knowe.
Shame and Confuſion ſhall be-ſpred him ouer,
VViſhing the Holes to hide, & Hills to couer:
Eternal Fier ſhall fry his thirſty Veines;
Immortal dying in eternal Pains.
His Eyes, ſo nice to look on *Lazars* Sore,
Shall ſwim in Sulphury Teares (tortur'd the more,
To ſee aboue, in *Bliſſe* and *Glory* rife,
Whom, Ruth-leſs, heer they would not ſee, in life):
His Eares, Heer deaf vnto diſtreſſed-ones,
Shall there hear Horror of the *Damned Grones*:
Nor ſhall the voice of *Mercy* Him ſalute,
VVho in Effect, to Needy Mones was mute:

Millions

Millions of *Maſſes* cannot him redeem,
Nor all *Church-Treaſure* euer ranſom him,
From all-Thought-paſſing Pangs of *Wretchednes*;
As, End-leſs, Eaſe-leſs, and Remedy-leſſe.
ALMNES are ſo vſual in the *Eaſtern* parts,
Where Heav'n & Earth & Aier, improue their Parts,
That euery Village there, in Winters Need,
Is wont the Flocks of *Wyldeſt Fowles* to feed,
And break the Ice (of purpoſe) for their drink,
When cryſtall Cruſts haue glas'd the Waters brink.
A *Charity of Infidels*, to Fowles;
Shaming ſome *Chriſtians*, towards *Chriſtian* Soules.
Rich *Anatolia*, and her happy Coaſt
(Th'abbridged Glaſſe of all the World (almoſt)
In her huge Cities (rather Shieres wall'd-in)
Theſe hundred yeers hath not a *Beggar* ſeen;
(GOD's ſtrict *Edict* they there obſerue ſo well,
Forbidding Beggers in His ISRAEL)
Sith 'tis *miſpriſion* of the Law of Nature,
Nay, impious Pride againſt our All *Creator*,
To ſuffer Man (GOD's Image, and our Owne)
VVhom we may ſuccour, to be ouer-thrown;
To ſtark for Cold, to ſtarue for Food, to periſh
In *Penury*, when we haue power to cheriſh:

For,

For, in ſuch Caſes, where (we knowe) we can,
There not to *Comfort*, is to *Kill* a Man.
Yet, ſole the *Chriſtian* (Each a Wolf to other)
Diſdains to look on his *Diſtreſſed* Brother;
And heer, in LONDON [Coaching *ſwiftly by*;
Or ſtalking on, with Self-ſuruaying Eye;
Or ſtrutting out, to vye his Purles or Lace:
Or ſtepping-in, to ſee ſome painted Face,
Or Fire-new Faſhion of a Sleeue or Slop;
Or to ſome Tauern, or Tobacco-*Shop*;
Or towards Burn-*Bull* (*if not* Turnbul) *Street*;
Or to Black-Friers, *ſome* white *Nunnes* to meet]
At Doores, on Dunghils, vnder euery Stall,
Lets pined, ſick, poor, naked Chriſtians fall,
Faint, ſtarue, and dye; *for lack but of the Price*
Of the leaſt Croſs of his laſt Caſt at Dice;
Or of the Tythe but of his Shoo-tyes Coſt;
Or of the Spangles *from his Garters loſt*:
Or of his ietting the Canaries *Iigg*:
Or of the puffing of his Perriwig.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad, Murderous* Vanity,
In Either Sexe, of equal Inhumanity!
The hideous Cryes of the Afflicted, fright
The ſable Horrors of the ſilent Night,

So that She, pearced with their pitious Case,
Clothes them with Clowdes, and lends them Ease a space:
The hollow Rocks, and hardest Marble Stones,
Weep when they weep, and eccho with their Grones:
Their Shiuering fits, their Feares, their Feauers make
The Firmament, the fixed Poles, to shake:
*Yet heer (alas!) th'*abundant Riotous
Are neuer mov'd: much less the Couetous
Rich, *raking Wretch; the needy-greedy Chuff,*
*Whose (*Hel-*like) heart can neuer haue enough;*
Who rather grindes, *then* giues; *and beggers many*
Yer to a Beggar *he affoord a Penny,*
Or penny-worth, of All his plentious Store
When Bags, and Banks, and Barns can hold no more.
O Times! O Manners! *O mad murderous Vanity,*
In Yong *and* Old, *of equall* Inhumanity!
But, pardon, LONDON; *I haue ouer-slipt:*
I must recant, least I be stript *and* whipt.
Christ-Church, S. Thomas, Bartholmew (My Frend)
Bride-well *and* Bedlam, *better* Thee *commend:*
Besides a many of peculiar Charges
Of Companies; *and more of* Priuat *Largess:*
And, aboue All, that black Swan (SVTTON)'s Nest,
(*From One, alone almost worth All the rest*)

That

That new Zaccheus, who restored free
Th'old Charter-house to better Charitie.
Are not These, Almes? Are not These, Monuments
Of pious Zeal; of kind Beneficence?
I grant they are (Giue God and Men their due):
But, reuerend Green-Staues, what's All This to You
(Vnless, as Romists by implicit Creed,
You hope for Heav'n, by Right of others Deed:
Or swell with glory of your Elders Good;
As self-Ignobles boast their Fathers Blood)
That These few, dead, heer a few Hundreds cherish;
If liuing, You let many Thousands perish;
For want perhaps, not of your Gift, but Gain;
Which some, perhaps, from others Gifts restrain;
Which (if time serue) when they can hold no more,
They will (perhaps, the tenth-tenth-part) restore
When they are dead; to build a Front for Fiue,
Of those fiue Hundred they haue starv'd, aliue.
O Times! O Manners! O mad Murderous Vanity,
In Euery Sort, of equal Inhumanity!
Aethiops and Turks against Our Rich shall rise,
That can behold with vnrelenting Eyes
Poore, Aged, Sick Soules gasping out their last;
As little moued, and no more agast

Then

Then is the Hunts-man, when a Deer at Bay
Doubles, in vain, and windes to get away.
During th'old *Golden*, happy, harmleſs, *Age*,
When *Saturn* ruled (without *Sathan*'s Rage)
When *Reaſon* ſate as Iudge on euery Throne:
When *Iuſtice* ſhar'd iuſtly to Each his owne:
When *Innocence* was *Cities* Citadel:
Whem *Charity* ſole ſwayd the *Common-weal*:
Then had the Heav'ns nothing but ALMES for Eye:
Then had the Earth (which now the Heav'ns deſie)
No other Heav'n then th'only Mantle fa'
Of ALMES, beſtow'd by *Water*, *Earth*, and *Aire*,
And *Fier* withall; from whoſe fel Nature, ALMES
Extracts the Fierceneſs and the Fury calmes.
ALMES was the *Word* th'All-perfect *Artiſt* ſaid,
When out of ALMES, He bade, *A Heav'n be made*;
A fruitfull Earth; *a Lightful, heatful Fier*;
A Sighful Aier (*though Soule-les*) *to reſpire*;
A moiſtful Water, wauing Changefully:
A World (*in brief*) *full of all Quality*.
So that (in fine) of All This All-*Theatre*
ALMES is the *Forme*, ALMES is the *primer Matter*,
So neceſſary for Our Liuely-hood,
That, after GOD, it is Man's *Souerain-Good*.

Martha's

Martha's and *Marie's* Almes (in Bounty rife)
Reſtor'd their Brother to a ſecond Life:
She, who ſo free the *Fire-Coacht Prophet* fed,
Found happy *Guerdon*; for (her Darling dead)
Her *Faithful* Almes, wingd with his fervent Prayer;
Re-brought the Breath of her Death-ſeiz'd Heir.
Almes is the Glew of *Freindſhips* permanence:
Tis of all *Vertues* th'only *Quinteſſence*:
Againſt Heav'ns Anger, 'tis an Anchor ſure:
Againſt Earth's Rage, a Rampire to endure:
A Rock of Honor, againſt Slanders Armes:
A Shield of ſafety, againſt hurtfull Charms.
For, on the Man where *pious Pitty* dwels,
Malice can nothing, with *Theſſalian* Spels,
Nor Traitor's Poignard, nor his *Powder*-Wit:
Nor cunning mixture of a Murderous Bit:
Nor ſecret Wyles of cheating Hypocrites:
Nor priuie Thieues, nor proud *Monopolites*:
Nor ought, nor All, that Miſchief can reuolue
To dare the Heauens, or Nature to diſſolue.
Alms calms the Winds, & giues them gentle breth:
The War of Waues it quickly quieteth:
From Shoals and Shelues, from where the *Sirens* ſings,
The Almner's Ship it ſwift and ſafely brings:

When need requires, it Oares and Sailes ſupplies;
And, paſt the *Pole*, another *Pole* eſpies,
To ſteer his Courſe; if what his heart doth *vow*
Abroad, at home, his loyall hand allow
In liberal ALMES vnto the Needy ſort
At his Return into his wiſhed Port.

The *Golden Table* that Great *Pompey* pilld
From *Salem*, ſerv'd (as ſacred *Vengeance* willd)
For Sword to *Cæſar*: GOD ſo *ielous* is
(Though Nought He needs) of what is *vowed* His.

Th'High Threaſorer of ASIA's *impious Rapt*,
VVithin the *Temple* was with Horror wrapt:
And, but th'High-Prieſt by Praier ſuccoured,
The *Sacrilegious* had there periſhed.

So may they ſpeed, or worſe then ſo, that ſpoile
GOD's *liuing* TEMPLES (by, or Gripe, or Guile):
That from their *Paſtor*, or their PRINCE, detain
The *Tithe*, or *Tribute*, ſacred Lawes ordain:
That from the *Poor* their *ancient Rights* conceal,
Or, in their *new*, with Them vniuſtly deal:
That haue by ſecret *ſacrilegious* Theft,
Robd *Church*, or *State*, or holy *Almes* bereft:
O! may they once, as high as *Haman*, mount;
And from *Mount Faulcon* giue a ſad Accompt

Of

Of all the Wrongs (as *Conſcience* them conuinces)
Done to their GOD, their *Country*, *Peers* and *Princes*;
While *Great*-ones, blinded, or as loth to ſpy,
Had oft their Fingers in the *Golden Pye*;
For priuate *Profit* or peculiar *Pleaſure*,
Neglecting *Poore*, *Publik*'s and *Princes Threaſure*.
O Times! *O Manners*, Moſt to be deplor'd!
O! ſodain mend them, or ſoon end them, Lord.
For, if poor *France* fal in an *All-Conſumption*,
Her Death's ſad *Criſis* will be *This Preſumption*
Of *Priuat Lucre*, without *publike Care*;
While Each, Self-ſeruing, winks at Others Share.
GOD, for his Mercy, grant My Feares be vaine:
Or rid me ſoon out of the *Care-full Pain*
I ſuffer daily, while ſo few I ſee
From This Corruption's foule Contagion free:
Or, would I had bin bred in humbleſt Thatch,
Borne of the loigns of one that Sprats doth catch;
So poor in Wit, as not of power to knowe
The impious Trains that Empires ouer-throwe:
So, happily, more dull of head and heart,
Leſſe ſhould I feel vn-feeling *France's* Smart;
Who ſlayes her Self by Selfs-*Diſloyalties*,
Hauing no Foe but her Owne *Avarice*,

With *Pride* her Partner, and *Impunity*,
Their ſtrong Abbettor: Which *Triumvirs*
Is able, ſole, and ſoon, to ruinate
And raze the Glory of the greateſt State;
Or bury 't quick i'th Tombe of cateleſs Princes
That wink, or ſhrink vnder their *Inſolences*,
Robbing them Selues of th'Honor and Renoune
Which Heav'ns entail vnto a happy *Croune*.
But, if I can be willing not to dye,
'Tis, out of hope, to ſee the Company
Of *Sacrilegious* roundly go-to-pot,
Expos'd in publike to ſome ſhamefull Lot,
VVhen our Great *Hercules* (All monſters Dread)
Shall haue cut-off the *Golden Hydra*'s head;
For an eternal *Trophey* of his Glory,
And Argument of an Immortal Story.
But, now return we to our Theam, from whence,
Our *Charity* (through *Zeal*'s too-Vehemence)
Seems to haue ſtrayd. Yet 'twas meer ALMS did moue
My grieued Verſe Theſe *Guilty* to reproue;
To turn their hearts to GOD, and to their King;
Their priuat Heaps for publike Helps to bring,
Againſt th'Ambition of ſome Foxie Foe,
That by our Selues, our Selues would ouerthrowe;

Not

Not by his Arms, but by his Almes, to Some:
For, *golden Launces*, oft haue ouercome.
Deer *Patriots*, That *Spightfull* Almes diſdain, see *Muſes Fran. Kal.* fol. 482
Which brings you *Crowns*; but tis Our *Crown* to gain:
With Groues of Honors ſeems your brows t'imboſs;
But 'tis to grace her Profit and your Loſs:
Which decks the *Church*, and doth the *Maſſe* adorne;
But, by the *Maſſe*, 'tis but to ſerue her Turn:
Adores (in ſhew) both Peter's *Chaire* and *Keyes*;
But, if they *Ope* and *ſhut* not as ſhe pleaſe,
Her *Charity* and Her *Deuotion* dye:
For, Her *Religion* is but *Policy*;
Her *Soule*, but *State*; Her *Life*, but *Rules-Deſire*,
Whoſe Heat hath ſet all *Europe* on a Fier.
Nilus (that ſerues for Rain, to th' *Abyſſine*,
The light-foot *Memphite*, and the *Canopine*)
Cooles with his Almes the Choler's feruency
In Earth and Aier, which there the Sun doth fry:
Waters the Plains which *Orion* parcheth aye
With twinkling Sparkles of his heatfull Ray:
Tempers the torrid *Aethiopian Zone*:
Seems to haue Life, though it indeed haue none,
Saue that of Almes; ſole Cauſe efficient
Of his fat Liquor, *Africk*'s Nouriſhment.

The Heau'ns, as Ielous of ſo *Bountious Gifts*,
VVould ſhut-vp *Nile* within *Godonian* Clifts:
And Nature, enuious of this *Africk Prince*
His lauiſh Largeſs and Magnificence,
Fronts him with Hills that ſeem to threat the Stars,
(As if renewing the old *Titans* Wars)
That one would think, amid the Mountains thick,
Nilus were bay'd-vp, if not bury'd quick.
But, by the Power which makes him charitable,
He finds, that ALMES to force the Heau'ns are able.
He therefore, ruſhing, and out-roaring Thunder,
Surrounds the Rocks that ween to keep him vnder;
And with his ſwift Courſe breaks the *Cataracts*,
Deafning withall the *Parthians* and the *Bacts*.
Pactolus, *Ganges*, and the golden *Tay*,
Not only ſteep their Stronds, ennammeld gay
With various Tindge of thouſand Flowers and more,
Sow'n on the ſurface of their wynding Shore:
But, for a richer ALMES, they *Gold* beſtowe,
As needfull now, as *Reaſon* (well we knowe)
In *This Gold-Iron Age*; where, who ſo wants
All-mighty *Gold*, but *Scorn* and *Scandal haunts*.
When *Androde* fled his cruel *Maſters Fiſt*,
And cauſe-leſs *Fury* (but for Had-I-wiſt)

Amid

Amid the horror of the Woods he meets
More Almes & *Mercy* then in Romes proud ſtreets:
There found he Man, to Man of Brute Immanity;
Heer finds he *Brutes* of mildneſs and humanity:
His Lord, there paid his Seruice but with Blowes;
A *Lion* heer him double gratefull ſhowes:
He, to the Beaſt had ſhow'n him ſeruiceable;
The Beaſt to Him ſeems much more charitable.
For, hauing long with his Beſt Prey's maintain'd him,
And, in his Den, as deer Gueſt, entertain'd him,
He (two yeers after) alſo ſaues his Life
Expoſd (in ſport) to Fight and Fury rife
Of Man, and Beaſt, whom (forced) Hunger, there,
Could neuer force *The Slaue* to touch or teare:
But th'awefull Lion (which ſuch Men may ſhame)
Him ſafely reskues from *Romes* bloody Game.
O noble *Lion*! thou haſt brought to paſs,
I almoſt yeeld to old *Pythagoras*,
In his Opinion of *Metempſychoſis*,
Trans-animation (ſo the Word compoſes)
Of Soules deceaſt, to Bodies good or bad,
As heer, Delight in *Good* or *Ill* they had.
And durſt I freely in his Doctrine wander,
I ſhould ſuppoſe Thee ſecond *Alexander*;

And

And that, a Beast, his Habits still are one
As when a Man and King of *Macedon*.
But, leauing Forrests, Floods, Fields, Earth & Aier,
VVhose ALMES already haue appeared faire;
Shall we yet mount among the *Wandring Seauen*,
And see how constant They to ALMES are giuen?
There shall we finde Man's monstrous Self-resisting,
Being made of *Almes*, all by meer *Almes* subsisting.
Beasts, Birds & Plãts, Roots, Reptiles, Daies & Nights
Haue second *Being* from These Heau'nly Lights;
From Whom our Selues, flat *Beggers*, borrow'd haue
The Best that makes our Worser part so braue:
The Sea's their Subiect, and th'All-bearing Earth
Without their ALMES can bring vs nothing forth.
Saturn is kinde to Marchants, Mariners,
Storm-wonted Fishers, stooping Labourers,
Carefull Housholders, curious *Architects*;
And euery one that Gain with Pain respects.
Milde *Iupiter* (more bountious) *Beawty* giues,
Sweet gracefull Port, fresh Health (that happy liues):
ALMNER of *Vertues*, storing Man with *Graces*
Most Angel-like, and meet for highest Places:
Kings, Counsailors, Lords, Princes, Magistrates,
Hold, after GOD, of Him their High estates.

Mars,

Mars, sureſt Patrone of *Sarmatians* ſtout,
Of part of AFRIK, and the *Southern* Rout;
Nigh daily giues them millions of Delights,
And makes them naked make a thouſand Fights.
All *Arts*, wherein are Fier or Ire requir'd,
Of his ſole *Almes* are to our Life acquir'd.
Sol's Soule of *Almes*; who, richly *Liberal*,
Giues him to All, yet cannot giue him all:
Great *Seaſon*-Bounder, artificiall Dreſſer
Of Yeers and Dayes, the euen and only Seſſor
Of Times rich *Almes*, which by his Heat he varies,
After the Innes wherein he Monthly taries:
His *Bounty* moſt is bent vnto *Muſicians*,
Bards, *Poets*, *Leaches*, *Herbariſts*, *Phyſicians*.
Venus, each Morning, with a gentle Ray
Vſhers the Sun, and Summons vs away
From lazie Beds (our Bodies liuing Graues)
VVhen Day begins to iſſue from the Waues.
Her *Almes* goes chiefly to the preſeruation
Of Nature's Powers, and Parts of Generation:
Smooth ſmiles ſhe giues, ſweet, cheerful charming Ein
Loue is Her *Gift*; a Gift indeed diuine.
Quick *Mercury*, great *Atlas*'s Daughter's Son,
VVit's Threaſorer, Well of *Inuention*,

E 5

He giues vs *Arts*, *Knowledge*; and *Eloquence*,
Which ſteales vs oft from *Reaſon* and from *Senſe*:
A bountious ALMNER of *Aſtronomy*,
Rare (for the moſt) vnto Man's feeble Eye;
Who, yet, vnſeen feeles (almoſt euery houre)
Hundred Effects of its admired power;
A Power which cannot be ſufficient ſhowne
By Verſe or Voice (vnleſs by *Hermes* owne)
For All that at this Day makes hunger flie
(*Gold*, *Siluer*, *Braſs*) is draw'n from *Mercury*.
Cynthia, ador'd with hundred Fumes and Flames;
Honored (abroad) by more then hundred Names;
She giues vs *Humors* more or leſs abounding,
As in her Courſe her *Fall* or *Full* is rounding:
She faſhions Time; which She e again defaces
With conſtant Turnes of her inconſtant Faces:
She ſwayes the Floods, and ſhewes (by Euidence)
Her Self ſole Law of liquid Elements:
She formes, by Night, the freſh and fruitfull Deaw,
Which euery morning *Flora*'s Budds doth ſtreaw;
Whoſe Purled Pearles are euer bigger found
And more, the more *Lucina* waxeth round.
In brief, All, giuen to ALMES & *Liberality*,
They All teach Man the ſame ſupernal Quality,

Towards

Towards the Needy, that doth nought poſſeſſe,
And from his Cradle brought but wretchedneſs.
But *Sin* and *Death*; had not Heau'ns Almes bin ſhed
In *bloody Bath*, to *White* This Monſter's *Red*;
A Monſter, made of Earth, for Earth ſtill burning,
Although to Earth he ſee him hourely turning.
Yea; proudeſt Kings haue had no other Birth
Then pooreſt Beggers: Both begin of Earth;
Both like in Cryes, in Perils, and in Pain;
Both alike *Guilty* in their *Grand-Sires Stain*:
Both, as in Birth, ſo in their Death alike:
Both Kings and Beggers one ſame Dart doth ſtrike;
Both paſs together, in one ſelf ſame Boate,
From th'arched *Palace* and the thatched *Cote*.
So that, in Life what-euer Ods there be;
In Birth is None: None in their Death, we ſee.
Only, the *Good* (of what Degree ſoeuer)
Are free from *Death*; & though they dye, dye neuer;
Saue to the Grief of *Vertuous* Soules (their Frends)
Whom, to ſuruiue the *Good*, it heer offends:
I mean, in Bodie, which a Death they hold,
Or Toomb, or Priſon, that doth Them with-hold
From th'*Happy Haven*; & makes them leſs inclin'd
To ſeek their God, & his ſtrait Wayes to finde.

The

The Good are They, who, not alone not wring;
VVho not alone not wrong, in any thing;
VVho not alone *not hurt*; but (from their heart)
Doe Good to Others; and their *Owne* impart
In liberal *Almes* vnto the *Poor's* Relief,
After their power; as grieued with their Grief.
Such shall not dye, but to liue euer *Blessed*:
Such shall not liue, but to dye heer *possessed*
Of *Grace*, and *Glory* with th'ETERNAL GOD,
Author of *Almes*; and euer-scourging *Rod*
Of *Such* Gold-heaped, Iron-hearted Wretches
As to the *Poor* impart no part of *Riches*;
Nor lend, *nor Lodge*, *nor clothe*, *nor free*, *nor feed*
Distressed CHRIST, in *His* deer *Saints*, that *need*.
Such shall not liue, but to dye double martyr'd:
Such shall not dye, but to liue euer tortur'd
In Hell and Horror, without End, or Ease.
Now, Worldlings, chuse You which you will of These
fine fine
Fines.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE BATAIL of YVRY:

OR

THE BREAK-NECK of The Helliſh-Holy League;

In

That famous Victorie

vvonne

By HENRY the Great;

Written

By Du BARTAS:

Tranſlated,

&

Dedicated

TO

The Right Honorable,

RICHARD,

EARLE of DORSET,

By

IOSVAH SYLVESTER.

3/1

44.
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639.

1st dedicat. to the Battle

TO
The Right Honorable
Earle of Dorset.

AS th' *awefull* Child, *that long hath* truanted,
Dares not return vnto the Schoole, *alone*;
For Shame & Feare *to be there discipled*
With many Stripes for many Faults in One:
So fares (my Lord) My long Omission
Of th' humble Thanks *I ought haue* tendered
For kinde Endeuours *You bestowd vpon*
My Right, *my* Wrong *to haue* recouered.
And, as (in fine) He brings his Mother *forth*
To beg Forgiueness, *or his Fault to scuse*:
So bring I heere My deer Du BARTAS *Worth*,
To mediate for My too-faultie Muse;
Whom daign to pardon: *and in gentle Part*
Accept *This last of* His, *not least in* Art.

Your Lordships

most Obliged,

Iosuah Syluester.

Ad eundem
Comitem Illuſtriſsimum
(Nuper ex Gallijs reducem)

EPIGRAMMA
Ex Lat. I.O.

A*Yer's Change* hath changed (wᶜʰ but rare doth chance)
Your *good*, to *beſt*; in *Science* and in *Senſe*:
Wiſer and *better*, both; and *Both*, from FRANCE:
Wel-come, Great Earle: few are ſo *Well come* Thence.

Eiuſdem
Clariſsimi,

ANAGRAMMATA:

Clarus, Divis Charus;
Richardus Sacvilus:
Is Clarus, diu Charus.

Exoptat *I. S.*

THE BATTAIL of YVRY.

O! What a Sun-ſhine gilds vs, round-about!
O! What a *Hymne* of *Triumph* troule they out,
In all our *Temples*! ô! What cheerfull noyſe!
What *Bells*! What *Bonfires*! ô! What *Publique-Ioyes*!
The Day is Ours: and on the *Leaguers* head,
The angry Heav'ns haue their iuſt *Vengeance* ſhed.
Be ſmooth my *Brows*: & You, my throbing *thoughts*
(Long, deeply ſunk in *Sorrowes* ſable Vaults)
Soar-vp to Heav'n: You *Siſters Three-fold-Three*,
Who of late Yeeres haue ſcarce vouchſafed Mee
To wet my lipps: Now ſweetly ſteep my Tongue
In your beſt Syrups: poure, vpon *This Song*,
A deaw of Gold, a May of learned Flowres.
Let not mine Eyes, blubberd with priuate Showres,
Croſſe publique Glee: nor (ſilent) Me conceale,
While Others ſing, *Theſe Tropheys* of our Weale.
Ah! now begins my rapted Brain to boile
With braue Invention: Now 's the fitteſt while
For my Carreer. Others may hold their tongue;
But hardly can great Ioyes be hidden long.

But

But now; How, Where, of Whar, ſhall I begin
This Gold-grownd Web to weaue, to warp, to ſpin?
For heer I liſt not, in theſe leaues, my Lord,
The famous Facts of thy firſt Arms record;
So many, and ſo numbery Armies ſcatterd,
So many Townes defenc't, ſo many batterd
By Thy young Valour. Neither ſhall my Pen
Re-purple *Liſle*; nor with dead Greaſe agen
Re-ſoile the Soile at *Courtras*: neither (dread)
Heere reaue again thy Ragefull Foes of Head.
Nor ſhall my Muſe relate, how that yer-while
(Abuſings *King*'s and *Churche's* ſacred ſtile)
All EVROPE nigh (all ſorts of *Rights* reneg'd)
Againſt the *Truth* and *Thee*, *vn-holy leagu'd*;
While Thou (a Prince, nor hauing Mẽ, nor Treaſure,
But poore, in All; ſaue rich in Hope paſt meaſure)
Reſembleſt right one of thy Hills in *Foix*,
Which ſtands all Storms, firm'd by it ſelfs ſad poize,
Boldly beholds the frowning Vpper-Stage,
Diſdaining Winds, deriding Weathers rage:
And with his brows cleauing the proudeſt Thunder,
With knobbed knees ſtill keeps it brauely vnder.
Nor may I now our Thoughts cleer Heav'n o'r-caſt,
With Clowdy Theam of Miſeries fore-paſt.

Nor

Nor cruelly begin againe to launce
New-skinned wounds, to the new griefe of *France*.
Sing Others Thoſe: Me ſhall ſuffice to ſing,
That in few Months, ſince Thou wert heer *Our King*,
Thy valiant hand hath more ſtrong places won
Then Both the Sides in thirty yeers haue don.
Though Swarms beſieg'd, in number did ſurmount
Beſieging Troops, in ſo vn-equall count,
That oft there ſeemd of Foes more Troops (almoſt)
Then ſingle Souldiers in thy Royall Hoſt.
Thou ſeemſt a Lightning, & thy nimble Bands
Follow thy will rather with wings, then hands;
And impt with plumes of Honor-thirſting minds,
Are brauely born with Thy *Good-fortunes* winds:
Thou *cam'ſt, ſaw'ſt, ouercam'ſt*, as ſwift well neer
As theſe ſwift Words I haue digeſted heer.
Onely, neer *Arques*, for few dayes, the Foe
Thine Expeditions ſome-what doth fore-ſlowe:
But as a Torrent, whoſe proud ſtream for ſtop,
Hath the thick height of ſome new Cauſwaies top;
The Bottome vndermines, beats on the ſhore,
And ſtill (in vaine) adds Forces more and more,
Till, at the laſt, aided with Showres and Snowes,
Fel, foaming, lowd, his Priſon ouer-throwes,

Tears

Tears Bridges down, bears away Mounds & Mills,
And hauing won the Valleys, threats the Hills;
Swells as a Sea, & in his furious Pother
Takes Land from some, & giueth more to other:
So thou re-Campst, runn'st, rushest, ruinest
Holds, Houses, Townes, & neuer doost thou rest,
Till rebel *Paris*, pale for guiltie Feare,
Behold thy Face with too-iust Furie there,
In her vast Sub-vrbs; Sub-vrbs flanked strong;
Sub-vrbs, whose streets with Souldiers thickly throng:
Thou tak'st *Estamps*: & loosing scarce a man,
Thy martiall Troops ingrateful *Vandosme* wan.
Mans is assaild, and taen; *Falaise*, *Eureux*:
Maine followes those; & after that *Lizieux*,
And *Honfleur* too, stoop to thy *Sacred Flowers*.
And now began thy Sulphury Thunder-stowers
To batter *Dreux*: when as the *Leaguers* Chief,
Puft with some new Supplies, & fresh Relief,
From fatall *Philip* (who right Foxie-Wise,
Wide yawning still after so rich a Prize;
Ambitious waits, nor wishes nothing more,
Then that our *Great* each other enter-gore,
In Ciuil Rage; that at the easier rate,
Himselfe may snatch the Price of Their debate)

Drawes

Drawes neer thine Hoſt. Then, Thou, whoſe Fear was
Leaſt He too-feard thee, fainedſt a Retreat, (great
Seemſt loth to fight, ſeemſt thy hault Heat to ſlack;
And, to leap further, ſtepſt a little back.
Thou ſtopſt, He flies; Thou followſt, then He ſtands:
And now, both Sides for Battail range their Bands:
They ſeem two Foreſts: euery Chief, apart,
Darrains his Troops with order, ſpeed, and art.
The Lightning-flaſh from ſwords, casks, courtilaces,
With quiu'ring beams beguilds the neighbor graſſes
As th' Hoſt of Stars, which ſhine aboue ſo bright,
Beſpangles rich the Mantle of the Night.
The Souldier now looks ſterner then of long;
Rage in his Eyes, fel outrage on his Tongue,
Iron on his back, Steel in his hand: and fell
Erynnis makes in Yvry Fields her Hell. (noiſe,
There's nothing heard but Drums, Fifes, Trumpets
But ſharp-ſhril neighs, but dreadful Tempeſts voice.
Terror and Horror ouer all are ſpred;
Horror 's there lonely, and there ſweet is Dread:
Already fight they with their voice and geſt;
Already Horſemen couch their ſtaues in reſt;
Much like a Lion, meeting hand to hand,
Some ſauage Bull, vpon the Deſert ſand;

Th'one

Th' one, with wide noſtrills, foming wrathfull heat,
With lowd proud bellowes, with a thundrous threat
Defies his Foe; toſſes his head on high,
Wounds with his hooues the Earth, with horns the sky:
Th' other, as furious, from as fiery Throat
Roaring, replyes him with more hideous note;
Vnder his horrid Front, in ghaſtly-wiſe
He roules the Brands of his fierce-flaſhing Eyes;
Rearing his Creſt, he rears his courage ſtout,
And whets his Rage, whisking his train about.
The Canon's prim'd, diſcharg'd, hand-ſtrokes begin:
Friends, fellows, neighbors, brothers, coſins, kin,
Loſe all reſpects; ſaue onely where they may,
Deep, deadly Wounds, worthy their Rage, repay.
But, North-weſt winde, vnder the weeping *Kid*,
Neuer ſo thick his volleys racqueted,
Of bounding Balls of Ice-pearl ſlippery ſhining,
On thoſe high Hills my *Gaſcony* confining,
As heer raine Bodies, heer haile lumps of Lead,
Making a flood of Blood; a mount of Dead.
Torn Limbs, toſt Trũcheons, Shiuers, Fire, & Smoak,
As with thick clowds, both Armies round be-cloak:
Th' Earth quakes for fear, the Aire recoileth quick,
And *Pluto*'s ſelfe ſeems to looke pale and ſick.

This

This Side advances now, and now retreats:
That, loſt but now; and now the better gets.
For, yet (Iovis iſſue) *Victorie* (begert
With Sword by-ſide, & Trump behind, athwart;
Her head with crowns, her hands wᵗʰ ſceptres fraught,
Her coſtly Robe with many Conqueſts vvrought,
Flouriſht with Palms, figur'd with Townes about,
Emboſt with Enſignes, with Aſſaults ſet-out)
Flyes to and fro; from Camp to Camp ſhe plies,
And in her hand ſhe leads triumphant-wiſe
Sweet-rapting *Glorie*, full of cheerfull grace,
To either Side ſhewing her louely Face.
O Sons of *Mars*! which, which of you this day,
As worthy Spouſe, ſhall bear for Bride, away
This Beautious Loue? Who, by her ſide ſhall lie?
Who, of her Kiſs the balmie Bliſſe ſhall trie?
Thrice happy Hee: Him ſhall the Kings adore;
Him ſhall the Nobles humbly bow before:
Him ſhall the Vulgar (as a Sea it were)
Follow, and flock about: and euery-where
His famous Face ſhall ſet-aworke the chiefe
Of Penſills, Grauers, Chiſels, Moulds: in briefe,
He ſhall be *Summe* of an admired Storie;
And euery Age ſhall celebrate his glory:

His

His high renowne ſhall onely bounded bee
With the World's bounds, and with Eternitie.
Thus hauing ſaid, into their breſts ſhe blew
No common Heat, but Fits of Furie new:
Heer Number winns, there Courage, & there Art:
And yet *Good-fortune* falls to Either part:
As when the ſpightful ſullen Earth hath meant
War with the Flouds, war with the Firmament,
Sh' incites, inflames, ſets-on, in new-found Duel,
Ice-bearded *Boreas*, Storm-armd *Auſter* cruel;
Floods float vncertain, & the Clowds do varie
Whither it pleaſes Either Blaſt to carie:
Till th' one at laſt, the other conquering,
Become Ayer's Tyrant, & the Water's King.
But, lo My Liege: ô Courage! there he comes:
What ray of Honor round about him loomes!
O! what new Beams from his bright eyes do glance!
O Princely Port! Preſagefull Countenance
Of Hap at hand! Hee doth not nicely prank
In clinquant Pomp (as ſome of meaneſt Rank)
But arm'd in Steel; that bright abilliment
Is his rich *Valours* ſole rich Ornament.
Steel was his Cradle, vnder Steel he dight
His Chin with Doune, in Steel begins it white:

And

And yet, by Steel he conquers, brauely-bold,
Towns, cities, ſtates, crowns, ſceptres, goods & gold.
Yet, void of Mark, He doth not hide him quight
Amid the Throng: a Plume dread-dancing light
Beclowds his Cask; & like a Willow ſhowes;
Which, prun'd belowe, cloſe by a Riuer growes,
And hath no ſooner Heav'ns calm fauour loſt,
But inſtantly his Tops green Tuffe is toſt,
Now vp, now down, & waues (as pleaſe the Wind)
Now to, now fro; now forward, now behind.
Thus (to be known) Invincible by Force,
He, with ſix hundred, charg'd ſix thouſand Horſe.
The firſt that felt his arm and Fauchin keen,
Was, blindly-bold, a Warrior that did ween
Himſelfe as ſtout, as ſtrong; as ſtrong, as great;
And, daring ſo, 'vndaunted HENRY met;
Who offers preſt his Piſtol in his Face,
Which would not off, although it fierd a ſpace.
Whence ſom-what mou'd, with angry voice (qd hee)
Hence guileful Arms: the glittering Sword for Me:
And drawes withall; then nimbly toſſing light
The flaſhing Horror of his Fauchin bright
(Like an *Autumnall* ruddy-ſtreaming Star
Preſaging Famine, Peſtilence, and War)

Copes

Copes with his Foe, th' Aſſailant he aſſaults,
And reſolute obſerues his Arms defaults:
At laſt, betwixt his Breſt-plate & his Baſes,
Seeks for his Soule, there findes, & thence it chaſes.
Go, happy Soule, go tell the newes beneath,
How thou wert honord, to haue had thy death
By th' onely hand of th' *Hercules* of FRANCE,
Th' invincible (for, ſuch a Death, perchance,
Shall more extoll thy famous Memorie,
Then to haue wonne ſome other *Victorie*):
Say, heere reviues a MARTEL, Foes to maule;
And that ORLANDO rules againe in *Gaule*.
But, Thou go'ſt not alone: this deadly Fray
Thou but beginn'ſt, as Prologue of his Play.
He deales about as many Deaths as Blowes,
Hee hacks, heaws, hurts all; all hee ouerthrowes,
Swifter then Wind, or Cannon-ſhot, or Thunder,
Trees, towns, & towers, turns vp, beats down, brings
One place, 1. puſh, 1. deed, 1. death, 1. wound, (vnder.
Cannot ſuffice, nor his braue Fury bound:
He layes on All; and fiery-fierce, and ſtout,
A hundred waies croſs-carues the Field about;
All fall, in fine, but fall not all alike, (ſtrike.
Some did he thrill, ſome thwart, ſome downe-right

But

But, as a Lion, in *Numidian* Field,
Feeding awhile on trembling Heards that yield;
If so he heare a Beares noise neere about,
Rearing his Eares & Creſt, he roareth-out;
Leaues Lambs, Kids, Kine; glad he incountred hath
An Obiect worthier of his noble Wrath:
My match-leſs Prince, diſcrying *Duke De Mayne*,
Spares vulgar blood, and ſpeeds to Him amain;
Through thickeſt troops of ſtouteſt men at-arms,
Through horſe & foot, through ſhot, pikes, Enſignes,
Incounters Him: on Him his load he layes; (Arms
And round about on euery ſide aſſayes,
Vnder his Arms, to ſeek in euery part
The heart which onely gaue the *Leaguers* hart.
But, dreading his diſdain, *De-Mayne* with-drew:
And all his Hopes ſo ſuddain daſht, did rew:
Bluſht at his paſt Bliſs, full of carefull toyle,
Lothing the Field, new witnes of his Foile.
Now, Yvry out of ſight, he *Mante* approches:
His weary horſe, his weary rowell broches,
Vntill, broak-winded, creſt-faln, ſweaty-ſwelted,
And all his greaſe in and without him melted,
Lolling his eares, hanging his head and neck,
For ſpur he ſtirs no more, then ſtock or ſtick.

O, noble *Duke*! & wherefore flyeſt Thou?
What *Panik* Terror daunts thy Valour now?
Thy conſtant Face what paints with pale Affright?
Alas! thou lack'ſt not Courage heer, but Right.
The Cauſe confoũds thee: CHARLS, yet ſtay & ſtand
To HENRY's mercy; humbly kiſſe his hand.
If red Reuenge, for thy dead Brethrens chance,
Made thee take Arms: what's that (alas!) to *France*?
What, to This King? whoſe heart & hands are known
From both their Bloods as cleer as are thine Own.
If 'twere Ambition, mought'ſt thou not expect
From Him, that knowes how Vertue to reſpect,
And can, as King, magnifikly aduance
His faithfull Seruants, & the Friends of *France*,
More Honor & Reward, then from the rude
Poore, gyddie, groſſe, ingratefull Multitude;
Of many Heads, of more then many Mindes,
Leaking in euery Storm, led with all Windes;
Who pay with Death, or Exile (at the beſt)
Their *Dions*, *Phocions*, *Camills*, and the reſt:
Whoſe Rule is Rage; Who (Ivie-like) in time
Decay the Tower whereby themſelues did clime.
If it were Feare to finde His fauours gate
Now barr'd too-faſt for thee to enter at;

O! was there euer known more gracious King,
Forgetting Ill-turnes; Good remembering!
Hee rather would, by Benefits, then Blowes,
Reduce his Rebells. When his Furie glowes,
'T is but as Straw-fire: while he ſtrikes, he ſighes,
And (for the moſt part) from his Enemies
Drawes not more blood, then tender Tears withall
From his own Eyes: His Spirit's void of Gall
(Peculiar Gift, hereditary Grace,
The Heav'ns haue giuen vnto the *Burbons* Race):
And neuer did the all-diſcerning Sun,
Which daily once about the World doth run,
Behold a Prince religiouſly more loth
To ſhake, for ought, his Honor-binding Oath.
Offer my Liege the *Germain* Empery,
Spayn's Diadem, the *Turks Grand-Signorie*,
Yea, make Him *Monarch* of the World, by wile;
Hee 'll ſpurn all Sceptres, yer his Faith he file.
But, 't is (ſaiſt Thou) for the *Faith Catholike*.
Why? who Commands in matters Politike?
Who in his Camp? but ſuch as more then Thou
With Tooth & Naile *Romes Vatican* avow?
Serues not his Name for Refuge, euery-where
Securing Prieſthood from all Force and Feare?

No *Athēiſme*, Hee, nor *Superſtition* ſents:
Hee's a right *Chriſtian* and religious Prince.
He firm belieues, that GOD's *reformed* Awe,
He from his Cradle, with his milk did drawe:
Yet, is not partiall, nor preiudicate.
And, if the *Church*, now neerly ruinate,
By our profane hands, our ſtrife-ſtirring Quills,
May euer looke for a Redreſſe of Ills;
If it may euer hope to re-procure
A holy and a happy *Peace*, to dure;
It ſhall be, doubtleſs, vnder ſuch a Prince,
So free from Paſſions blinded Vehemence.
Back, to the Battail, *Muſe*, now caſt about:
Ah! there they flie; there all are in a Rout:
All's full of Horror, full of Ruth and Feare,
Full of Diſorder, and Confuſion there:
There, none obey; there none at all command,
There euery Souldier makes apart his Band.
The ample Plain is couerd all about (ſtout
With casks, ſwords, muskets, pikes; and the moſt
To darkeſt Groues carry their Deaths conceaued,
In deepeſt Holes bury their Deaths receaued.
The Victor followes, ouer-takes anon;
Feares not the way the Flyers feard t' haue gone.

The moſt he fears, is leaſt Some's ſhift-full feare,
Other's deſpaire, finde out for ſafetie there,
Som Flat, ſom Foord, ſom Bank, ſom bridge, ſom way
To paſſe the *Eure*: but preſſed with Diſmay,
All breath-leſs, panting in a deſperate haſt
Them heere and there, into the Riuer caſt.
Th' immortall *Nymph* NAVONDA azure-ey'd,
Queen of that Cryſtall, and that Currents Guide;
Scar'd with their noiſe, aboue the water puſhes
Her dropping Head, in Caule of weeping Ruſhes.
O! whence (qd ſhe) whence comes this iron ſpawn?
Theſe Metall-men? Frõ what mount *Gibel* drawn?
What *Vulcan* gaue, What *Myron* lent (I pray)
Steel, life, to ſtirr; to Iron, breath, to neigh? (ſhip:
Hence, Monſters, hence (Wars dreadfull work-man-
With bloody deaws your Mother-Earth be-dip;
And let vs gently, without ſtop, or ſtaine,
To meet our *Tritons*, roule into the Maine.
Her voice doth vaniſh, in ſo various noiſe:
This with his Own, that with his Armors poize,
Sinks inſtantly: Som haue, in ſted of graues, (waues,
Nought but their Steeds, their Steeds no tombes but
Som, more diſmaid, for Skiff their targets take,
For oars their arms; their ſail their plumes they make:

But, greedy Whirle-pooles, euer-wheeling round,
Suck in at once, Oars, Sailes, & Ships to ground.
Thoſe that, by chance, ſcape to the other Shore,
Chãging their place, change not their caſe the more.
Dikes, Bridges broken, Citties, Rampires caſt,
Cannot ſecure their more then headlong Haſt.
Did any Squadrons dare thy Conqueſt croſſe,
They but increaſt Thine Honor, & their Loſſe.
Witnes the Band of *Spaniſh-Belgian* Foes,
Vnder three Enſignes marching ſtrongly cloſe;
Whom, Thou, the fifteenth, chargeſt; beateſt down
That mightie Bodie; ſuddain ouerthrow'n;
Euen as a Galley, in ſmooth Sea ſubdues
The talleſt Ship that in *The Straights* doth vſe:
Or as a Iennet in his nimble Speed
Oft ouerturns the ſtrongeſt German Steed. (ay,
Thou heaw'ſt, beat'ſt, breakeſt down: Thou conquerſt
Till dusky Night haue robd thee quight of Day;
And Death, of Foes. Th' *Helvetian* Bands alone,
Loth to diſgrace their ancient Valor known;
Againſt the Victor their ſteele Staues addreſſe,
As moſt Couragious in the moſt diſtreſſe:
But, ſoon the Lightning of thy Martiall eyes
Their Diamantine hearts diſſolues to Ice;

That

That Ice to Water, That to Vapour vain: (ſtrain,
And Thoſe whom Death rather then Feare could
Thoſe, thoſe that neuer turnd their backs at all,
But to Warrs-*Phœnix*, Conquerer of *Gaule*,
Thoſe King-correcting, Tyrant-ſcourging Braues,
Caſt at thy feet their Bodies and their Staues.
Thou, then, as loth perpetually to brand
People ſo loyall to the *Lillies* Land,
Calming the rage of thy iuſt hearts diſdain,
Their Colours to their Cornets giu'ſt again.
O! proudeſt *Trophey*, which all *Tropheys* paſſes!
O Browes, whom *Bayes* eternall treſs imbraces!
Invincible! â more then Royall Breſt,
Who, of Thy Selfe, & *Tryumph*, tryumpheſt!
Who pleaſeſt All: vvith Victory thine Hoſt,
Thy Foes with Grace: Both with thy Glory, moſt.
Earth's Ornament, Thou Honor of our Times,
Ay on the wings of mine Heroïk Rimes,
So braue Exploit be brauely borne about:
May all our Commons (commonly too-ſtout)
Who bred in Braules, in Broiles, & Inſolence,
Stood, as at gaze, diſtracted in ſuſpence,
Expecting th' Iſſue of This dreadfull Fight,
Make their due profit, & apply it right.

May

May now the *Nobles* freely grant, for true,
That the World's Empire to Thy Worth is due:
That, now they haue Wiſe happy Prince for Head:
That, by This Battaile Thou haſt rendered
To Them their Rank, reueng'd the King deceaſt,
Reſtor'd the State, & captiue *France* releaſt.
May now the *Clergie* ingenuouſly confeſs,
God on Thy Side, giuing Thy Right Succeſs;
Crowning Thy Vertues, & with ſacred Oyle
Of his own Spirit anointing Thee the while.
May now (in briefe) All *Frenchmen* ſay & ſing,
Thou art, Thou ought'ſt, Thou only canſt be King.
But, ô! ſome Gangrene, Plague, or Leproſie,
O're-ſpreads vs all: a Brand of Mutinie
Burnes *France* to Aſhes. And but Thou (vnidle)
Bear'ſt-vp ſo hard this ſtumbling Kingdoms Bridle;
Our State (yerſt honor'd where the Sun doth riſe)
Would flie in Sparks, or die in Atomies.
Prieſts ſtrike the Fire, the *Nobles* blow the Coale
Of this Conſumption: *People* (peeuiſh whole)
Pleaſd with the Blaze, do, wretched-witched Elves,
For fuell (fooles) caſt-in their willing Selues.
O *Clergy* (mindleſs of your Cure and Coat)
Becomes it you to cut your Princes throat?

To

To kill your King? Who, in the Wombe (of kin
To Thouſand Kings) that Office did begin:
Who, for Your Law, Your Altars, & Your Honors,
Hath ventur'd oft his blood in many manners:
Who, as deuout to *Rome*, as any Man,
Fear'd moſt your roring Bulls of *Vatican*:
And canonize amid the ſacred Roule
Of glorious Saints a Parricidiall Soule,
Whoſe bloody hand had ſtabd with baneful knife
The Lords Anointed, & Him reft of life?
Ignoble *Nobles*, ſee You not (alas!)
Your King ſupplanting, you your Selues abaſſe?
And, while you raze this Royall *Monarchie*,
You madlie raiſe a monſtrous *Anarchie*,
A *Chaos* rude; ſtill whetting, day and night,
Againſt your Selues, the Peoples proud Deſpight;
Who hate the Vertuous, & haue onely Hope
T' enſue the *Switzers* too-rebellious Scope?
And Thou fond *People*, Who (before a Father,
A wiſe, iuſt, King; a valiant *Monarch*) rather
Tak'ſt hundred Tyrants: who, with tuſhes fell,
Will ſuck thy marrow out, & crack thy ſhell:
To whom the Gold, from *India's* bowels brought,
Or mid the Sands of ſhining *Tagus* ſought,

Seems

Seems not ſo good, as doth the Gold they fet
From out thy Womb, or what thy Tears ſhall wet.
No, no: the *French*, or Deafe, or Lethargik,
Feele not their danger, though thus deadly Sick:
Or, if they liue and feele; they, frantik, arm
Againſt their Leach that fain would cure their harm,
Applying many ſound-ſweet Medcines fit:
But They, the more increaſe their furious Fit.
Yet, Courage HENRY, fix thy Thoughts heeron,
Purſue (braue Prince) thy Cure ſo well begun:
And, ſith ſo little, gentle Plaiſters thriue,
Let it be launc't, lay-on the Corroſiue:
Choke me This *Hydra* whence ſuch Mõſters ſprout,
And with thy Fame fill me the World about.
Follow thy Fortune: Hills moſt lofty-browd,
Stoop to thy Steps; ſwift Riuers, ſwelling proud,
Dry-vp before thee: Armies, full of Boaſt,
Like Vapors vaniſh at Thy ſight, almoſt.
Yea, at thy Name alone, the ſtrongeſt Wall,
And maſſieſt Towrs ſhake (as affraid) & fall.
But yet, My Liege, beware how Thou expoſe
Thy blood ſo oft among thy bloody Foes:
Be not too-lauiſh of thy Life; but waigh,
That Our *Good-Hap* on Thine dependeth aye.

But,

But, if Thou light regard This lowe Requeſt
Of *Thy Fames Trumpet*; liſt how *France* (at leaſt)
Preſents her to thee: not as Once Shee was
(When *Baltik* Seas within Her bounds did paſs:
When *Nile* & *Euphrate*, as Her Vnder-Realms,
Through fruitful Plains rould tributary ſtreams:
When to proud *Spanyards* Shee did Kings allow;
And to Her Lawes imperiall ROME did bow)
But, lean & lank, bleak, weak, & all too-torn,
And in a Gulfe of Miſeries forlorn.
Deer Son (ſaith She) nay, My Defender rather,
My Staff, my Stay, my ſecond-founding Father;
For Griefe, and Furie, I ſhould deſperate die,
I ſhould Selfe ſtab-mee, I ſhould ſhamefully
Stop mine own breath, to ſtint theſe Cares of mine,
Wert Thou not Mine (my Liege) were I not Thine.
Therfore, deer Spouſe, be of thy Life leſs lauiſh;
Let not, My Lord, Fames greedy Thirſt ſo rauiſh
Thy dauntleſs Courage into Dangers need-leſs,
Nor, too-too-hardy hazard Thee ſo heed-leſs.
A braue, great *Monarch* in Youths heat behoues,
Once, twiſe, or thriſe, to ſhew Courageous proues:
For, Proweſſe is bright *Honors* braueſt Gate,
Yea, the firſt Step, whereby the Fortunate
Climbe

Climbe *Glorie*'s Mount: & nothing more (in briefe)
Fires Souldiers Valor, then a Valiant Chiefe.
But afterward, he muſt more warie vvar,
And with his Wit, ofter then Weapon, far:
His ſpirits contenting with the pleaſing-paine,
Not of a Souldier, but a Soueraign.

My Son, too often hath thine own hand dealt
Too-many Blowes, which thouſands yerſt haue felt:
My Liege, too-often haſt Thou toyled Thee
For Honors Prize: braue Prince, My Victory
Not in thine Arms ſtrēgth, but thy Yeers length lies;
Thy Life, my Life, Thy Death, my Death implies.
If Thou, thy Self neglect, reſpect Me though,
At leaſt ſome Pittie to thy Country ſhowe.
Weigh, weigh my ſad plight, if vntimely Death
Should (ô, vntimely!) reaue My HENRY's breath:
Euen like a widow-Ship, her Pilot loſt,
Her Rudder broke, in ragefull Tempeſt toſt
Againſt the horned Rocks, or horrid Banks,
Hoaring the Shore with her diſperſed Planks.

But, if too-much Heart, of thy life too-careleſs,
Too-ſoone expoſe thee not to *Siſters*-ſpareleſs,
I hope to flouriſh more then e'r in *Arts*,
Wealth, Honors, Manners, Vertues, Valiant hearts,
Religion,

Religion, Lawes: and Thy iuſt *Raign* (at reſt)
In *Happineſſe* ſhall match AVGVSTVS Beſt.

FINIS.